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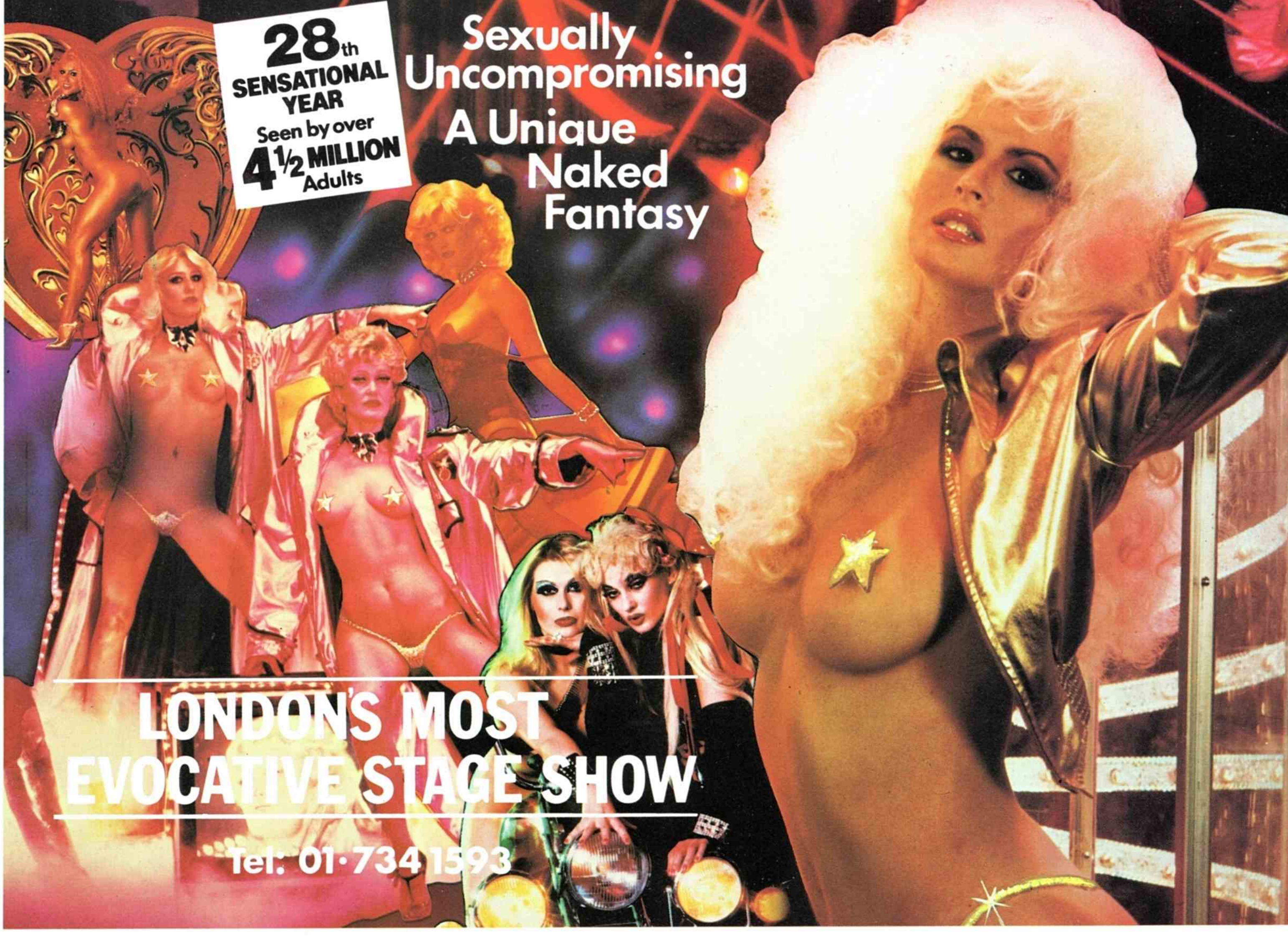

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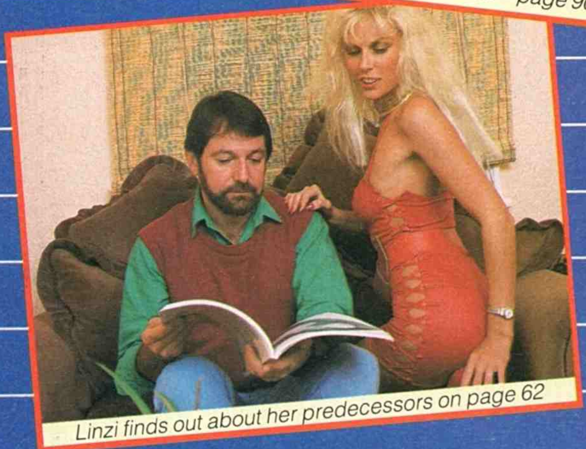

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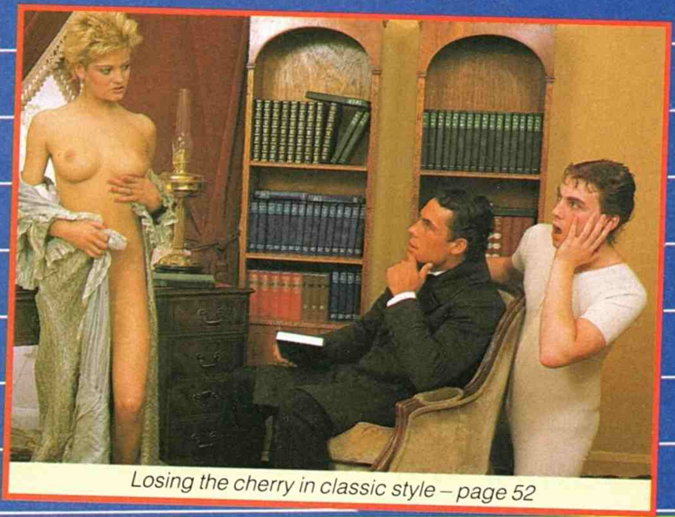

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READERS WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers' Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Scrap Yarn

For some years, I have had an obsession about seeing girls in scrapyards. I also have a fetish about women's shoes.

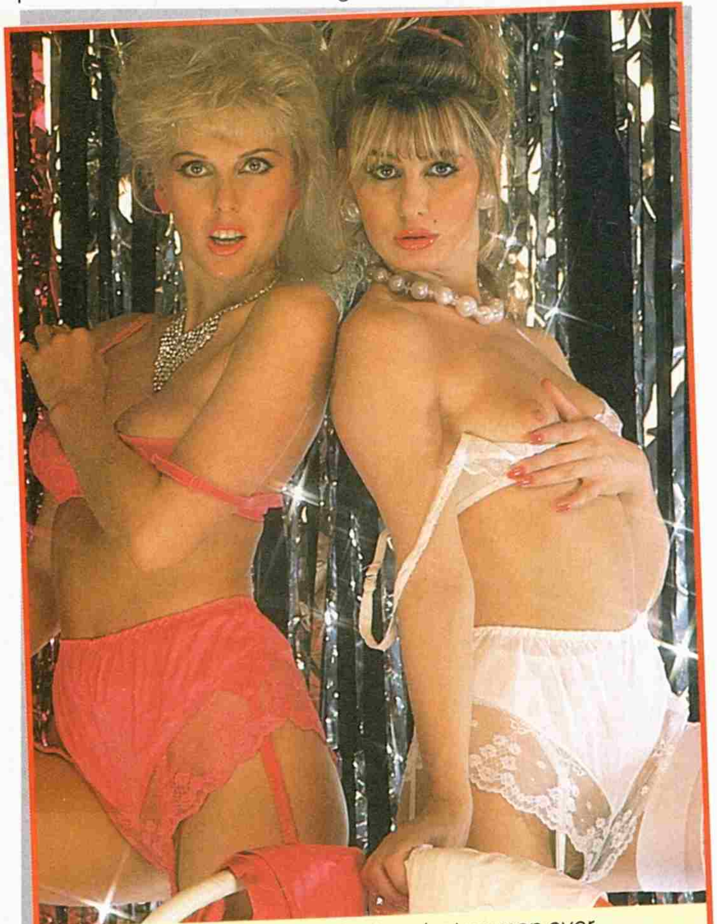
I have always wanted to see a girl drive an old Ford Anglia into a scrapyard and watch her hit it with a sledgehammer. She would be wearing a pair of sweaty pink socks and a pair of red, flat, worn-out shoes. She would kick and stamp on the car as I watch from my hiding place behind a pile of cars.

Then the girl spots me and calls me over to her. She asks me if I would like to watch her put the car into the crushing machine. I say I would, and we both climb into the control room.

She starts the crusher and drops the car into it. She laughs as she tells me she has left a pair of her shoes in the car, and presses the button: slowly, her car gets crushed flat. As we watch, she lifts up her skirt, pulls down her yellow knickers and screws me.

I ask if I can have a sniff of her shoe; she takes one off and I get a great sniff of her foot odour. Then I lie on the floor and she gives my cock a good rubbing with her foot.

She then lifts the metal block of what was once her car and drops it on the ground. She walks towards it, puts her foot on it and rubs it all over the metal block. I then give her a damn good screwing as she still rubs the block with her foot.



Twice as nice – the horniest women ever

I'd love Club to include some sexy pictures of women in a car-crushing yard. *CW, Bristol*

We receive all manner of strange requests in this office, but this one really takes the biscuit. Reminds me of the guy who once asked if we could possibly do some pics with a girl, a plastic skeleton and a bunsen . . . –Ed.

Twice as Nice

Look here, Club; what the hell do you think you're trying to do to us? Here am I, trying desperately to be a good boy and to banish all thoughts of sin and debauchery from my warped little mind, and what do you go and do? I'll tell you what – you only go and put two of the sexiest, horniest women ever invented into the same feature, *that's* what!

Yes, as far as double acts go, Linzi and Marie (Vol 14 No 11) are the ultimate. For poise, sexuality and the ability to turn men on, they have no peers. In my fantasies, I tried to decide which one of them I'd go for. But after changing my mind more often than the Italians change governments and arguing out loud with myself, I hit on the obvious solution; I'll have both of them!

I'd start off by having Linzi give me a good gobble because, even in Marie's company, she still has the best cock-sucking mouth I've ever seen. One of Marie's most delicious features is her lovely fanny with its delicious, soft folds – so she could sit on my face while Linzi sucks (which she would be doing with fingers up her juicy hole). With their expert promptings, there's a good chance all three of us would climax at the same time.

In such company, it wouldn't take me long to get a hard-on again; but to speed things up, I would sit astride Marie and put my sticky cock between her tits, rubbing it up and down until it had grown enough for her to reach my knob end with her tongue.

While Linzi watched, I would then turn Marie on to her front and ask her to go into the doggy position. Before making my move, I would just pause a few seconds to gape at that ever-so inviting cunt. Then I would move in for the kill.

Linzi being Linzi, she doesn't want to be kept waiting, of course, so she's on me as soon as I've emptied my load into Marie. She embraces me tightly, one hand around my waist, the other feeling me up. She kisses me in such a way that my knees start to buckle. Again, I'm hard in a matter of minutes. Linzi pushes me on to my back and mounts me. She impales herself on me and bounces up and down. I look up to see those world-famous tits wobbling away, and I shudder to an orgasm.

Well, I suppose stranger things have happened, but I don't hold out much chance. Don't do it to me again, though, OK? Actually, I'm only kidding – you can repeat this exercise any time you like.

Guy, Basingstoke

Panting Girl

All you ever hear about these days is what underwear men like to see their women in. Well, I've had enough: I'm going to strike a blow for the girls by revealing what I like my boyfriend to wear.

Martin's a big boy. He stands more than six feet tall and is firm and muscular. His cock is lovely and thick and long, even when he doesn't have the horn. I love to play with it when it's soft, but I'm sure you can imagine it doesn't stay that way for very long.

Anyway, back to the undies. Not for me boxer shorts or little designer briefs. I prefer to see Martin wearing a traditional, old-fashioned white vest and a large, baggy pair of white Y-fronts.

It doesn't look as ridiculous as you might imagine. His thick, dark mane of chest hair is plainly visible through the thin white material, and his wedding tackle can be seen quite easily through, and under, the baggy pants. I love to slip my hand inside and feel up his balls. I think he likes that, too.

When his cock starts to grow, I manoeuvre it so that it sticks out of the 'pee flap'. Then, when he fucks me, I can feel the cotton rubbing against my thighs.

He rather likes dressing like this, too, because with his cock and balls so easily seen – despite the fact he's wearing underpants – it's a bit like giving me a glimpse of something forbidden, which is a turn-on for both blokes and girls. I suppose it's a bit like girls wearing a tight T-shirt without a bra underneath, or a leather mini without panties on (both of which I frequently do, by the way – often at the same time.).

I don't know what Martin's neighbours think when they see five or six pairs of baggy Y-fronts and voluminous vests hanging on the washing line of a 24-year-old macho man. But he knows how much they turn me on, and that's all that matters to him.

Laura, Port Talbot

More Marian

The rest of the lads and I reckon you ought to be congratulated for featuring Marian in Vol 14 No 11. Club International is always popular in our office (we have a monthly kitty out of which we buy two or three 'naughty' magazines every month), but it was bloody impossible to get hold of the issue with Marian it it, such was the demand. People were often to be seen emerging from the toilet with the magazine discreetly folded under their arm!

We've built up quite a collection of magazines in the office, and none of us can remember ever seeing a girl who's had such an effect on us as Marian. For starters, she's completely naked in most of the pictures – and a body like hers should definitely be admired without the usual distractions (shoes, stockings, panties, etc).

For another thing, you wonder why there's so much fuss about shaven fannies when you look at the bush on Marian – a natural, black mass that approaches perfection. What I'd do to brush my cock against it . . .

But as well as congratulating you, we're pleading that it won't be too long before you feature Marian again (although I dread to think what it'll do to our supplies of Andrex!).

Phil and the lads, London W1

Shoulder Love

I note with interest the correspondence which appears in the *Readers' Writes* section of your magazine. Many of your readers indicate their preferences on a woman's body – and breasts, bottoms and pussy figure prominently, as one would expect them to.

However, despite taking an interest in such matters and observing the contributions regularly, I have yet to find a reader who shares my passion for a part of the female body which, at its best, is truly beautiful. I refer, of course, to the shoulders. I am never happier (apart from the all-too-rare occasions when I can indulge in personal contact with a top-class specimen) than when one of those normally-detestable Saturday afternoon sports programmes includes coverage of a ladies' swimming event.

Fellow connoisseurs of the shoulder – if, indeed, there are any – will empathize with this. It is an essential part of a top-class girl swimmer's training programme to increase the strength and suppleness of the upper-arm/shoulder area, and to see these finely-honed female athletes wearing only their competition attire, ie a sleek, one-piece swimsuit, is indeed a spectacle to cause an erection of some magnitude to manifest itself in my trousers – if I choose to wear any, that is, and I frequently do not when I watch such an event.

The reason for this, of course, is to facilitate access to my penis, which I require more often than not during competitions. The thought of being given *carte blanche* with a naked well-shouldered girl, while watching one or more of them on television, makes for an orgasm which gives masturbation a good name. Readers who are unable to bring to mind a picture of such perfection should think of Sharron Davies (she of many pictures in my scrapbook), who illustrates my point admirably.

At this point, I would wish to ask readers not to assume that shoulders are the be-all and end-all for me. Although they are perhaps the most important factor, I usually find that women who are well-developed there are equally stunning in other parts of their anatomy. If the girl is a swimmer, for example, then she is almost certain to have superlative legs. The clean lines where her thighs merge into her swimsuit would indicate – to me at least – that many swimmers are depilated. This I find highly erotic, too.

Of course, not all girls appear naked or wearing swimsuits, so what do I have to say about my preferences in everyday attire? Well, off-the-shoulder examples are at the top of the list, although a man's suit jacket does a sterling job of enhancing the appearance of the female shoulders – even on those girls who cannot be regarded as being particularly broad.

Marian – a collector's dream

Your magazine can play its part in promoting the many attributes of the shoulder. I particularly hanker after a swimming *Club Event*, where the closing shot features all the contestants lined up, soaking wet, wearing the sleekest swimsuits available.

Should this letter lead to a plethora of similar requests, I will personally 'shoulder' the blame.

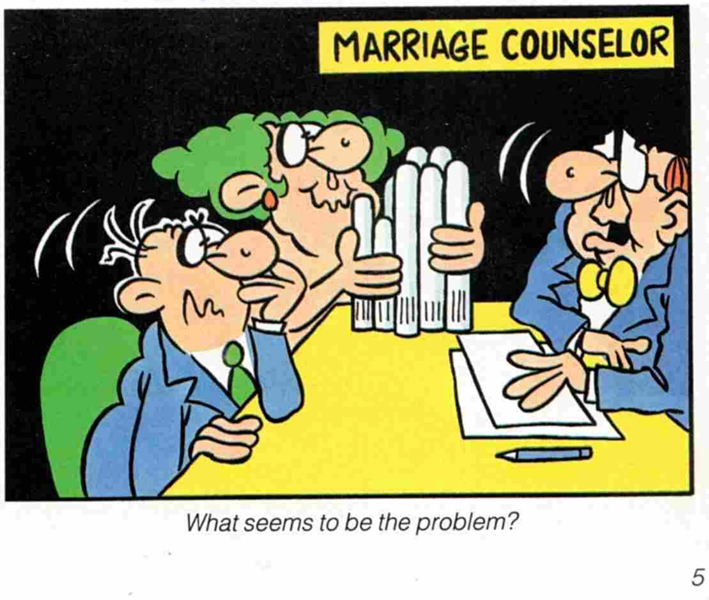
Conrad, Buckingham

First Love

I'd like to tell you about my first sexual experience which happened very recently.

I am 18 and live in a small town. I have never had a proper girlfriend and was still a virgin. I often visit my cousin, Jane, who lives in the same town. She's usually with her friend, Ann, who is 21. To me, Ann's the

VIBES by Tony Neat



What seems to be the problem?

READERS WRITES

most incredibly sexy thing on earth, and I've been dying to fuck her for ages.

I got the impression she might fancy me when she kept on dropping subtle hints such as undoing the top three buttons on her blouse, allowing me a glance of her bra-clad tits; or other such things like kissing me hard on the lips when we go visiting Jane's house.

One day when I was at Jane's house, I found some photos of her and Ann in a photo album. They'd been taken on holiday, and Ann was wearing a skimpy costume. I took the photos up to the toilet to relieve myself, because I had an erection as soon as I first saw them.

I got into the toilet and started to wank myself. Then I heard Ann in the room next door. Suddenly, the toilet door flew open.

Ann stood before me, her eyes focusing on my swelling glans. 'Want a hand?' she asked. And before I could say anything, she took my cock in her hand and wanked me slowly. Then she took it in her mouth and sucked. 'I want you,' I said.

Ann stood up and took off her skirt, then her T-shirt and finally her bra and pants. She sat me down on the toilet seat, then sat facing me on my lap. I kissed her erect nipples. 'Fuck me,' she pleaded.

I slid my tool into her wet love-nest and pumped and pumped until she orgasmed. Then I told her to get on all fours. This she did, and I fucked her from the back.

Just as I was coming, I withdrew and shot my load all over her ass. She then proceeded to wipe off my come and lick her fingers clean. She then took my hand and placed it on her clit. I fingered her to another orgasm. Finally, we moved into the 69 position (rather awkward in a toilet) and sucked each other until we both collapsed in a sea of juices.

Afterwards, I felt a bit embarrassed, but was reassured when Ann told me she was looking forward to the next time I went to the toilet!

Jerry, Lancs

I thought you said you were the biggest cock in the world

Top Ten Corner

1. Kelly (Vol 14 No 5)
2. Sarah Greene (TV presenter)
3. Janet Ellis (Blue Peter girl)
4. Cheryl Baker (Buck's Fizz)
5. Shelley Preston (Buck's Fizz)
6. Pamela Armstrong (newreader)
7. Princess Diana
8. Anne Diamond (TV presenter)
9. Nicola Bryant (Dr Who assistant)
10. Sue Lawley (newsreader)

Andy, Bedfordshire

Dutch Lessons

Although I'm 28 and I've had a good few girlfriends, I'm not really very experienced when it comes to sex, and I've just had the most educational lesson I've ever had – from a 19-year-old Dutch girl.

She had stopped off in town with two other girls as they hiked and camped their way through Britain. They came into a pub where I was having a few pints with some of the lads, and I got the hots for her right away. She was about five foot seven, medium build with pert tits, long blonde hair plaited at the back and a striking, angular face with a big, full mouth. All the better for you-know-what.

Anyway, as luck would have it, they came and sat next to us (actually, it was about the only spare seat in the pub) and I started talking to them. To cut a long story short, I arranged to meet the 19-year-old, Belinda, the following night.

I had my fingers crossed she wouldn't turn up with her friends; thankfully, she didn't. The evening went well, and I knew I'd cracked it when she agreed to come back to my place.

My flatmate had gone to bed by the time we got back, so we sat together on the sofa in the living room with our coffee. Soon, we started snogging, and the sensation of having Belinda's big mouth locked on to mine, her tongue down my throat, was fantastic.

Her breathing started to quicken, and her hands pulled and stretched my shirt. I pulled her closer into me and fondled her tits with my spare hand. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her big nipples were pushing through her T-shirt.

I had a sudden urge to suck and bite them, so I took her T-shirt off and had my first look at her boobs. They were every bit as round and supple as they felt, and her nipples were even bigger than I thought. Without further ado, I put one in my mouth and started nipping it gently with my teeth. Belinda let out a little squeal and started to squirm around, pressing her crotch into my leg.

Of course, I was sporting a huge hard-on by this time, and I positioned myself so her hand was resting on my thigh: I wanted her to feel me. She took the hint, and pressed against the bulge in my jeans. My cock was aching like mad now, so I pulled her to her feet and led her into the bedroom. We stripped naked and jumped on to the bed.

Desperate to please as always, I climbed on top of her and made to ease myself in. But she rolled over on top of me, took hold of my hard-on and said: 'Hey – slow down! Don't you like to play first?'

Still holding my cock, she rubbed it over her pussy and found her clitoris with its head. She let out another of her little squeals. She let go of my cock and said: 'Now *you* do it . . . ah, yes! Just there! That's good!' I got more aroused just by listening to her, and it didn't take long for her to come.

I began to feel up her tits, but she told me I was doing it all wrong. Fancy finding out after ten years! Belinda told me I was being too gentle with them; girls like them to be treated firmly; what you need to do, apparently, is to push vigorously with the palm of the hand and squeeze like a vice. Maybe she's in a

continued on page 89

Gi

CHARLENE

Charlene has never charred in her life. Nor French-maided. Nor worked in a topless bar. It's just that her pretty features and saucy, wiggly figure make her a natural candidate for kinky costumes and stockings 'n' suspenders (well, wouldn't you like Charlene to tart up YOUR office with a feather duster?). During the day, this chirpy native of Cheltenham, Glos, is to be found working in a French-owned sportswear shop in London, where she's risen from humble assistant to branch manageress in less than three months ('helped in no small way by my predecessor, caught with her hand in the till'). Nights, Charlene gets together with like-minded, like-looking friends at her *pied-à-terre*, prior to taking the clubs by storm. Likes a dance, delights i Daquiri and orange juice – an claims she's never paid for one i her life. With looks like hers, that' hardly surprising – but Charlen isn't into real gold-digging: 'If want any of the luxuries of life, buy them out of wages. I'd hate feel I owe a guy anything – not th I'd *really* object to repaying in kin **And we're sure you won't object page 24!**

l Talk

MARCIA

Gentlemen, Club is proud to present a *lady*: a wonderfully, womanly-proportioned beauty of 37, no less, and looking a picture of youth, heath and vitality, a walking wet dream fantasy for the type of guy who lusts after Linda Evans, Ursula Andress, Raquel Welch, and similarly statuesque stalwarts of female middle age. However, the truth about this delightful creature makes depressing reading indeed, for, far from working on the check-out at Hounslow Sainsbury's and looking for someone to love, it is our unpleasant duty to inform our readers that Marcia (34-24-34, likes: 'Sex, lots of it, and *vigorous*') is married. Happily. To a university lecturer with movie star looks and a thing the size of a . . . And the things she does to make him happy, frankly, just shouldn't be allowed. Like dressing up in naughty schoolgirl outfits and rubber minis and kinky boots and . . . posing for Club International. Marcia doesn't work, but defends her laid-back lifestyle: 'People sneer when they see me drive around Cambridge in my new BMW, knowing I don't work for a living. But if they knew what I had to do for Peter to earn this car, they'd know I'm not in the least bit work-shy!' **More of Marcia on page . . . 69!**

SHEILA

That the pics on page eight were taken on the Florida Keys aboard £300,000 worth of ocean-going yacht is something of a coincidence, considering the stunningly shapely Sheila spends most of her life fucking – sorry, mucking – about in boats. Born in the overtly yachty village of Hambledon, Hants, Sheila's father taught her to sail a dinghy before she was ten years old, and by 16 she was skippering her family's premier charter yacht around the Med. She's still involved in the family business, but manages to find plenty of time for boys. Well, not *actual* boys, because Sheila goes for the more mature, sea-doggy type. She recalls, at 19, a winter spent cruising the Antilles with a crew of four, all men in their 40s and 50s. 'I couldn't share my favours with anyone, for fear of the jealousy it might cause,' says this gorgeous 23-year-old, a wicked sparkle in her eye. 'But after two weeks at sea, the pressure became intolerable – them watching me shower and all – until I realized I'd have to make myself available to all and sundry, if only to get some peace! Things got rather rude, as you might imagine.' *Imagine*? Damn woman's just split me oilskins! **Turn to page eight and see if Sheila has the same effect on you . . .**

BOBBY

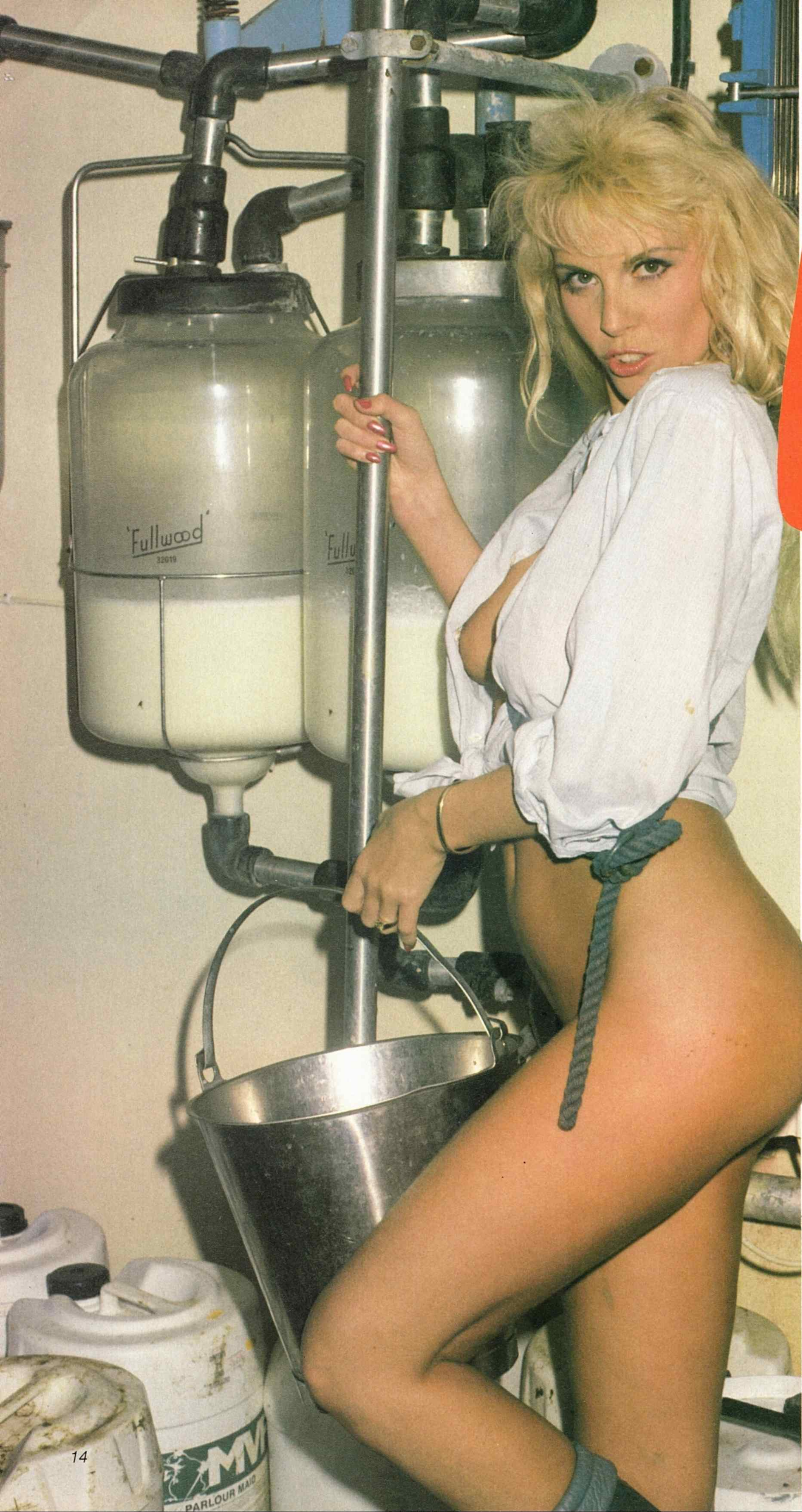
It would be a bit hard on Bobby to describe her current affluence as having been reached by way of a 'rags to riches' story, but she *has* come a long way from her upbringing in a County Durham mining village where her old man eked out a barely adequate living by eking out great lumps of the black fossilized stuff. A chance encounter at a college party two years ago with someone who lived next door to a guy who knew someone who worked for a top London photographer led to a visit to the Metropolis and the abandonment of all plans to be a beauty therapist. 'Since then, I've never looked back.' Never? 'Well, I do still go home quite a lot,' says the 21-year-old, her North-east accent still intact. 'I prefer the men up there to the ones I meet in London: they've less pretensions and they're more likely to call a spade a spade. If they want you in the sack, they'll tell you to your face, and I really admire that in a man. Especially if I fancy him.' **We think you'll fancy Bobby – check out page 56.**

GINA

Ain't nobody's gonna read this. They'll all be turning to page 44 to see what the geezer with the jumbo mole grips is going to do to Gina on this month's centrespread. Actually, chaps, Club hasn't gone S & M. The guy's got his sights set on melting down the gold cups, stage left. And Gina? She's 26 years old, measures a wicked 38-22-36, and lives – rather well by all accounts – in neo-Georgian splendour in Marlow, a splendour generally attributable to her boyfriend, a marine architect and hull designer much favoured by nautically-inclined pop stars, international bankers, and suchlike flash gits. Gina, a self-confessed exhibitionist, loves the sex business; adores assuming unladylike positions in front of the camera; drools over the prospect of partaking in more blue movies. *More*? 'I only ever took part in one. Simon saw it and said he thought I looked like I was enjoying it too much, and confiscated by passport. Shame – because those Scandinavian boys really bring out my naughty side!' **Page 44 reveals all.**

Photographs by Stephane Jourdain

S H E I L A



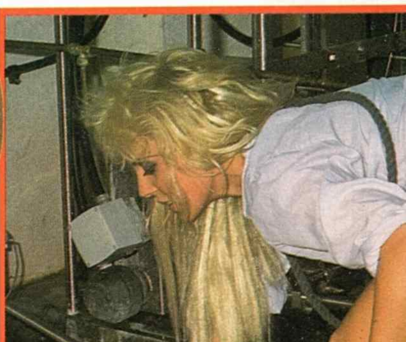
LIFE W

Li

LINZI DREW, probably the sexiest and most photographed model of all time, just happens to write exclusively for Club International. Aren't you lucky?

Hi, fellas! I've had such a busy time lately working for Club International, that I was thrilled to bits when the Editor invited me to spend a relaxing day out on a farm. Some holiday it turned out to be; not only did he 'have me' rolling in the hay and the mud, but he wanted me to milk the bloody cows as well!

Milking the cows ain't what it used to be, you know. No more sitting on a little stool pulling at



Photographs by Dave Antony

TH
zi

poor old Daisy's teats (ouch!). It's all done by machines now, but, even so, you still have to attach the damn things. I'm not sure how I coped, but at least the cow didn't complain when I fiddled with her udders!

The farm I visited was beautifully picturesque and situated in lovely rolling countryside. It's called 'Lady Farm', which I thought was quite appropriate for my visit. It's here they produce Lordswood Daisy milk; just about the freshest you can buy. This I had to try. Unfortunately, I spilt a little all over *my* 'teats'. There were plenty of offers from the farm hands to clean it off, but I managed quite nicely to rub the cool milk off my own cold, pert nipples.

The animals I liked best on the farm were the calves. When I told the Ed how cute I thought they were, he suggested I get in and feed them; bloody slavedriver! I clambered over into their pen with some food. I was a little wary at first, but they didn't seem to be too bothered, and let me stroke their soft little heads while they nibbled away at some hay.

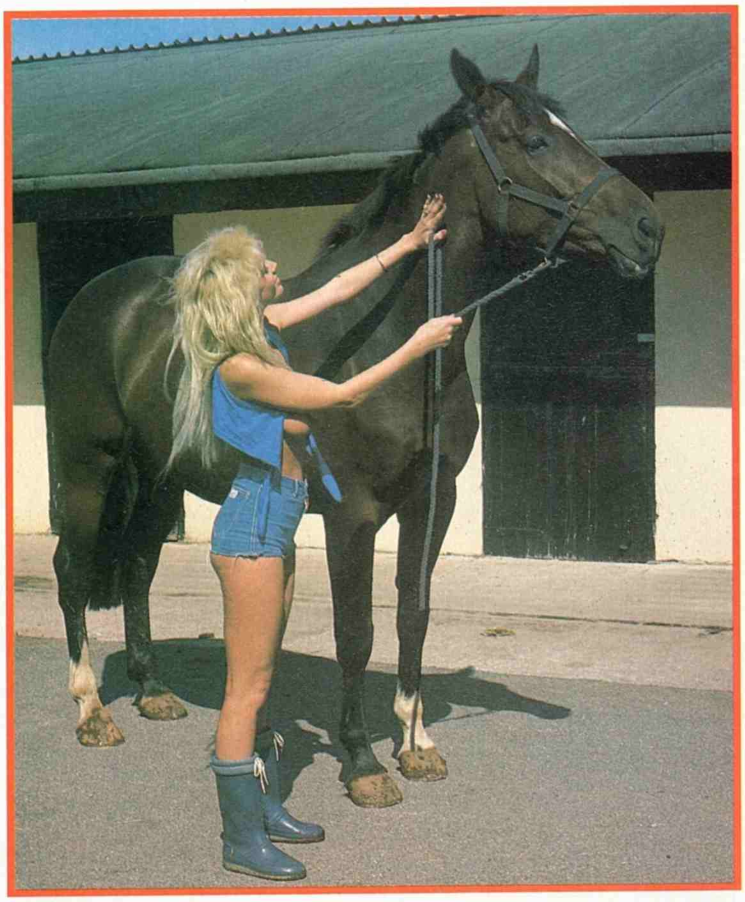
Talking about hay, I thought it was about time I was having a frolic in some. The last time I had a good screw in the hay was a couple of years ago at least. As I lay there posing for some saucy Club photos, I started getting quite horny just by thinking about it.

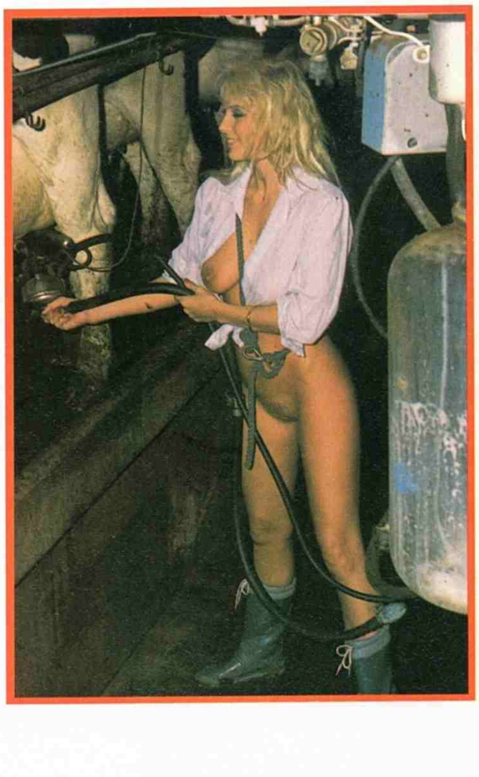
I remember it was a hot day and I'd gone out for a drive with a guy I was screwing called Terry. We were driving down the M40 from London towards Oxford, when Terry suggested that we call in and see his elder sister, who, along with her husband, ran a small farm in Buckinghamshire.

Tight Shorts

After a quick cup of tea and a natter we strolled around in the sunshine until we came across a huge barn with a stepladder leading to an open loft, full of soft hay. I climbed up the steps, pushing my ass out and revealing the shape of my pussy in my tight denim shorts. Terry was hot in my pursuit, his fingers reaching out and tracing the outline of my pussy, which sent a burning sensation through my whole body.

Suddenly, I was jolted back to reality. 'Open your legs wider, Linzi,' shouted Dave, snapping away with his camera. I was miles away with





LIFE WITH Linzi

Terry's stiff cock thrusting between my wet pussy lips, harder and harder . . .

'That'll do, love, now we get you rolling in the mud,' he laughed.

'Oh, shit!' He had really screwed up my little fantasy.

I followed Dave to this huge mucky puddle, my mind racing to formulate a plot to have a good screw in the barn later that day. I knew a guy who lived not too far away, whom I'd lost touch with a short while back. I wondered if I could get back in touch, if you know what I mean! He was very tasty and a great fuck, so I decided at the first opportunity, I'd give him a bell.

But, first – mud, glorious MUD! What had I let myself in for? Actually it wasn't too bad once I was completely covered in it. It was nice, soft, slushy mud, not the gritty stuff that irritates your important little places! It felt quite good, but the look of it put me right off. Somehow, though, I don't think I'll initiate a screw in the mud later.

Hot Shower

After a quick spray-down with some cool water, I was desperately in need of a good, hot shower. It took almost half-an-hour to get all the mud off my body. I'm sure you know when you get really dirty and you have an exhilarating shower, you feel so clean it's almost a turn-on (or maybe Club readers don't get that dirty?). Anyway, that's just how I was feeling when I rang my old flame, Bob. Bob said he was free that evening, so I gave him

directions to the farm, where I was spending the night along with the rest of the team.

After a little rest and a glass or two of wine, I tarted myself up again, as the mud had left me looking pretty healthy, but not quite sexy enough for my liking. I couldn't decide what to wear. If I fancied a roll in the hay, there was no point in wearing a slinky dress and high heels as I'd look bloody silly leading him out to the barn, squelching through the mud!

When he arrived, I was still undecided, prancing around in my skimpy little dressing gown. I let him in and we sat in the kitchen chatting about old times. My tiny white towelling robe had the habit of falling open to reveal what I was wearing underneath (which was absolutely nothing, except for a liberal sprinkling of Chanel No 5). I told Bob how randy I had been feeling earlier that day, when I had been posing in the barn for some photos. I asked if he fancied a quick roll in the hay.

He didn't answer; he just grinned and took my hand and placed it on his cock. Through the material of his trousers, it felt like a monster trying to escape from its cage. His hands crept up my dressing gown and touched my wet cunt with the tips of his fingers. I undid his zipper and his hard cock sprang out ready for action, so I straddled him across the kitchen chair and moved slowly up and down, his thick cock easing into my pussy. My tits were bouncing around all over the place. Bob grabbed them and began sucking on my big, swollen nipples.

Between Thrusts

'Take me out to the barn, bend me over and give me a good, hard fucking, Bob!' I gasped between thrusts.

'Don't talk like that, you randy bitch, or you'll have me coming like crazy,' he grunted, my tits still bouncing in and out of his mouth. 'Too late!' he shouted, as his creamy come shot into my quivering cunt.

Men! *Now* he tells me that dirty talk makes him come after about ten seconds! I wondered if a few more of my smutty sayings would give him the horn again, so I zipped up his pants, pushed his sticky cock back into his trousers, took off his shirt – which I swapped for my robe – grabbed my wellies

LIFE WITH Linzi

and dragged him off to the barn, telling him in lewd detail just what I'd like to do to him when I got there.

It must have worked, because, by the time we arrived at the barn, his cock was sticking out like a flagpole through his trousers. I sat down in the hay, and watched him take off his trousers. I lay back, spreading my legs and fingering my wet pussy. As Bob came to me, I kneeled up and took his cock into my mouth.

Pushed Deep

On our way to the barn, I had been telling him just how much I wanted to gobble him. So I began sucking his thick knob, moving my tongue slowly up and down his shaft. I grabbed hold of his buttocks and pushed him deep into my mouth. Bob took his cock from my mouth and pushed me down in the hay. My ass was stuck high in the air as I crouched on all fours. He rammed his entire length into my hot cunt and pumped away until we both came to a shuddering climax.

I lay down amongst the hay feeling absolutely heavenly. Bob lay down beside me, his head resting on my pussy, nibbling at my already swollen clit. A few minutes later, I was coming again and again. I really do love having my pussy sucked, you know!

After a while, the hay got a

little uncomfortable so we wandered back to the farmhouse and decided to finish the evening in the Jacuzzi. What a wonderful fuck we had in there! These farmers have all the mod cons and they certainly know how to do it in style, if this place was anything to go on! The farmer who owns 'Lady Farm' also owns a chain of newsagents who sell Club International, so he's got to be on to a winner! At the time of our visit, he was in Spain: not holidaying as you might imagine, but artificially inseminating cows. What the Spanish bulls have to say about that is quite another matter.

After my rather strenuous visit to the countryside, I needed to get back to London for a rest, but there's no peace for the wicked, they say. And I should know!

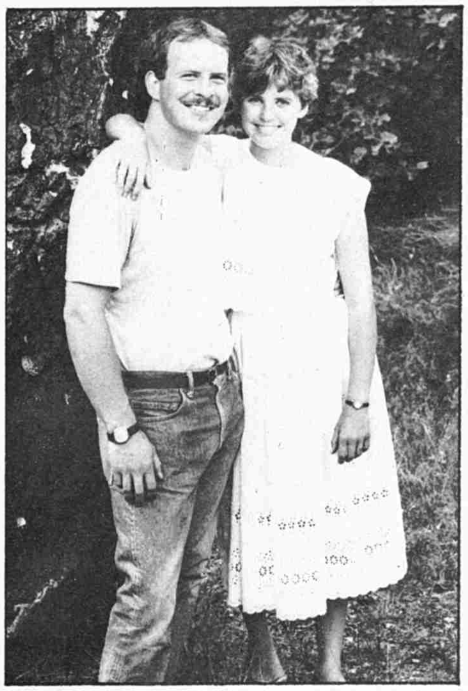
As soon as I was back in London, I got a telephone call from a photographer friend of mine, Byron. He was shooting the new James Bond calendar. As I wasn't one of the James Bond girls, I was a little puzzled until he explained it was a typical Bond girl leg shot he was after, and I had much better legs than the James Bond girls did! So, feeling very flattered indeed, I must leave you, as I have to go and pamper my legs.

Next month I shall be going back to my roots, as they say: Bristol here we come! Till then, keep your hands on it, lads

Linzi

WOULD YOU HAVE THE COURAGE TO JOIN Dateline

- *for friends, love or marriage?*



Suzanne and Tim — engaged

'I thought Suzanne was too attractive to be a member of Dateline. I thought the only people who used dating agencies were the real lonely-hearts types, but not at all!'

Sue and Martin — married

Sue says: 'I met genuine men who honestly and truly wanted to meet new people as much as I did; who wanted to make friends, and have a good time — and I met Martin!'

Margaret and Louis — married

'When you meet other members of Dateline you know they have gone into it with the same attitude as yourself — they want to meet people. Some people think Dateline is cold but you are meeting men who have something in common with you, and quite frankly how else do you meet them?'

WHO JOINS DATELINE?

People just like you! Currently 2,000 people a month join Dateline, so you probably already know people who have used the Dateline service, or met through Dateline.

People who join Dateline come from all over the country — from farms, villages, market towns and cities. The problems of meeting people are not confined to any particular locality. The backgrounds and occupations of Dateline members are equally varied — MP's, surveyors, solicitors, engineers, doctors, journalists, teachers, secretaries, stockbrokers, nurses, chemists, receptionists, bus drivers and even zoo keepers. Loneliness is classless. What all Dateline members have in common is an optimistic, positive attitude in tackling the problem practically. Meeting someone special is difficult, but after that the romance is easy.

WHY?

If the disco is not for you, your friends are all married, you don't meet anyone through work, you have just moved to a new area, or you are newly single again — just where do you begin? There really are very few ways you can meet the kind of people you want to meet. Dateline is simply the most honest and realistic way of being introduced to a wide choice of compatible partners. It also saves a lot of wasted time and expense!

HOW DOES DATELINE WORK?

When you join Dateline you will complete a very comprehensive questionnaire, information from which will be confidentially locked into the memory of our computer; the matching process, in which your data is compared with every Dateline member of the opposite sex, will then begin. Finally the computer will have found the most compatible matches for you, and their details will be forwarded to you. You will also be matched to other compatible people living in your area, and they will contact you. And so, with your year's membership, a whole new social life begins.

IS DATELINE SUCCESSFUL?

Yes, in many different ways! Some people simply have a wonderful time, meeting as many new people as possible, sharing new interests, going out, just enjoying themselves. Some are looking for the companionship, the love and romance of one or two relationships, and others are looking for a special love with marriage in mind.

Many thousands of couples have met and married through Dateline, as the Dateline questionnaire is designed to match couples through many facets of physical type, personality and life-style; not just matching those who want to meet people similar to themselves, but those who also want to meet someone different. With Dateline you meet the people you want to meet, who also want to meet you.

If you would like to be one of the many thousands of people nationwide who have been enjoying a new social life, and finding love and happiness through Dateline, complete the simple questionnaire below. We will send you confidentially and completely free, full details about Dateline and how it works, and details of just one of the Dateline members who are compatible with you. Send to: ***Dateline Computer Dating, 23 Abingdon Rd., London W8.***

CONFIDENTIAL

FREE

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START HERE

1 Do you consider yourself:

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☐ Adventurous
☐ Family type
☐ Clothes-conscious
☐ Generous
☐ Outdoor type
☐ Creative
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2 Indicate which activities and interests you enjoy by placing a '1' (one) in the appropriate box. If you dislike a particular activity, write a '0' (nought) in the box. If you have no preference, leave the column blank.

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☐ Fashion
☐ Pubs
☐ Sport
☐ Pets
☐ Folk music
☐ Jazz
☐ Travelling
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☐ Good food
☐ Politics
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☐ Art/Literature
☐ 'Live' theatre
☐ Science or technology
☐ Creative writing/painting
☐ Poetry
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☐ Conversation

■ **I am over seventeen and would like you to send me completely free and without obligation, a description of my ideal partner. Plus a free full colour brochure and lots more information about Dateline. I enclose two first class stamps.**

3 Your sex ___ put M or F **Your Height** ___ ft. ___ ins

Your Age ___ yrs. **Age you would like to meet** Min. ___ Max. ___

Christian Name ________________

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Send today to:
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23/25 Abingdon Rd.
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01-938-1011

Dateline

Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,
Something is happening to me. For some time now, every time I am close to my girlfriend – either in bed or in the bathroom – I can't help imagining I'm with you, Linzi, instead of with her. Everything I do to her is really being done to *you*. Can you explain why this is?

She really is okay, but when I'm pleasing her, I can't help thinking I'm pleasing *you*.

I probably spend more time (in my thoughts) with you than with her, but it's not the same, is it? What do you think the answer is, Linzi?

Giovanni, France

Well, Giovanni, being a true romantic Italian, I'm sure you don't tell your lady you're fantasizing about someone else. In that way, everyone is kept happy. And I'm also sure this actually happens quite a lot, but, of course, people don't admit it! Carry on having fun – that's my message!

Dear Linzi,
My dick throbs for your wet pussy. I wank while reading Club, especially with you in it. Your tits are lovely. So are you.

Peter

My pussy throbs for your thick dick, Peter. Your balls are lovely. So are you (well, one compliment deserves another, don't you think?).

Dear Linzi,
I saw your little routine dressed in parlour maid outfit in Vol 14 No 7. Well done, lass!

For some reason, I never thought it would be you who would crack the best routine for posing. 'Tis thou and none other as knows how to reveal the delicacy and intimacy of her own tender form to the best advantage. No everlasting stockings and early 18th Century boots – just plain ol' wundaful baroness from the seat to the tip of the toes, and no son of a traditionalist insisting on tired routines because he has something more important to photograph elsewhere – though how that could be possible, heaven alone knows.

I'm not going to be greedy and ask *you* to do more such leg-stretching exercises. You've done your bit – and admirably so, if I might add. I just wish you would get some of those other people down at the Raymondry to pull their socks up (no – that can't be right!) and give the consumer more of the example set by Linzi.

If you pose like that again, I'll have a mild coronary. But even if you don't, I'll gaze with respect at your coming sessions (?) and think of what you did for me this month.

Ernie, Devon

The last thing I want is to give you a coronary, so I'd better be a little careful as to my choice of dress in future, Ernie.

Dear Linzi,
I'm 27 and single. I have a great sex life, part of which includes wanking to pictures of you in stockings. You see, I'm completely obsessed with nylon-clad legs, and I class you and your beautiful legs as perfect.

But you've let me – and probably a lot of other readers – down, because we never get to see you in a pair of tights. I've got an incredible fetish for open-gusset tights – this is a real turn-on for us nylon lovers. And if anyone can put down the old saying that tights are passion killers, you and your fantastic legs can.

So please, Linzi, pamper to the whims of a very randy leg-lover like myself; I'd worship you for life (not much of a promise really – I already do!).

Simon, London

Sorry to let you down, Simon, but I simply HATE tights. I do occasionally wear fishnet tights if I'm wearing a very small dress, though. If I give it a go with some crotchless tights, I promise Club readers will be the first to know.

Dear Linzi,
After reading all your columns and seeing your pictures, I must say you are, in my considered opinion, a magnificent woman. Not only are you the best-looking long-legged blonde I have ever set eyes on, but your naughty attitude to life is beyond compare. I'd love to turn you on in person, but maybe what I'm writing to tell you about may cause a little trickle of your undoubtedly sweet-smelling love juices.

I have a very good-looking girlfriend who oodles with sex appeal. She is 19 and, when I met her, she was still quite sexually inexperienced. By that, I don't mean that she didn't know how to satisfy me, but she was a little inhibited about completely letting herself go in the same way that you do, or so I thought. I didn't know her as well as I thought I did.

One night I was passing by her flat and, feeling a bit randy, I decided to call in on her. I buzzed on the intercom and she answered. She sounded a bit pissed off when she heard it was me and asked if I was sure I wanted to go in. I said of course I did, and the door opened.

When I walked in, imagine my surprise when I saw her and a bloke in their dressing gowns – and they'd obviously just got out of bed from fucking.

I was surprised to say the least, but my cock started twitching slightly in my pants. Alison indicated to Blake that he should make himself scarce and he smirked and wandered back to the bedroom.

As soon as he'd gone, Alison kissed me, letting her dressing gown fall open and pressing her warm, sex-smelling body against me. I began to feel excited, if a bit confused.

Alison explained that she and Blake had known each other for years and the relationship was only physical but very satisfactory. Then she said that if I wanted to I could fuck her with Blake as it was something that turned the two of them on. The way she was talking, I realized there was a side to her which I hadn't even suspected. With me, she had been almost coy and behind my back she was into threesomes with other guys.

Well, an offer like that is not something you can refuse – I'm sure you'd agree. I was all for experiencing what a whorish slut my sexy girl could really be.

She undressed me in the sitting room, smiling when she saw my rampant erection. She made me suck her wet love hole and once I was naked, she led me into the bedroom where Blake was rubbing his swollen cock in anticipation.

She got right down to sucking his long rod, sticking her bulging cunt lips into the air.

I went straight into her, burying my throbbing cock into the hottest, wettest cunt I'd ever felt. Her cunt was full of spunk and my thrusting was slippery and easy.

My spunk was boiling in my balls as I watched her head moving up and down above Blake's crotch. I didn't think I could last too long.

But then Alison turned round, taking my juice-covered prick into her mouth and offering her hole to Blake, to take her from behind. His cock was big and I could actually see him stretching her apart and obviously enjoying it. She was groaning and gasping as she sucked my aching cock.

Then I couldn't hold myself back any more. I grabbed her head and shoved my cock as deep into her mouth as she could take it and with a loud yell released my boiling load in ecstasy.

I slumped back and watched Blake working on her and making her come until he came and I was hard again. But Alison kept going all the time, loving every second.

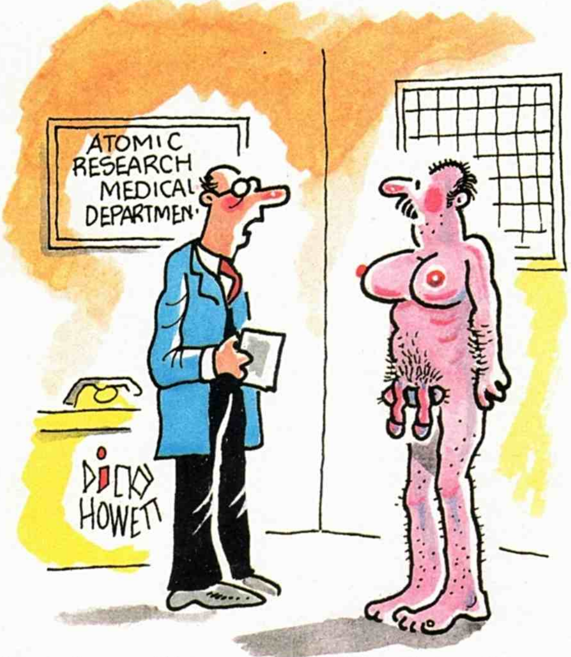
Just imagine, Linzi; if I hadn't called round that night, I'd still think she was a coy, inexperienced, young girl instead of a sex-loving nymphomaniac as I now know her to be.

Adrian, London

Well, life is full of surprises, Adrian, and yours was certainly one of the more pleasant ones. I don't doubt for a minute that you're now taking full advantage of your new-found 'treasure'.

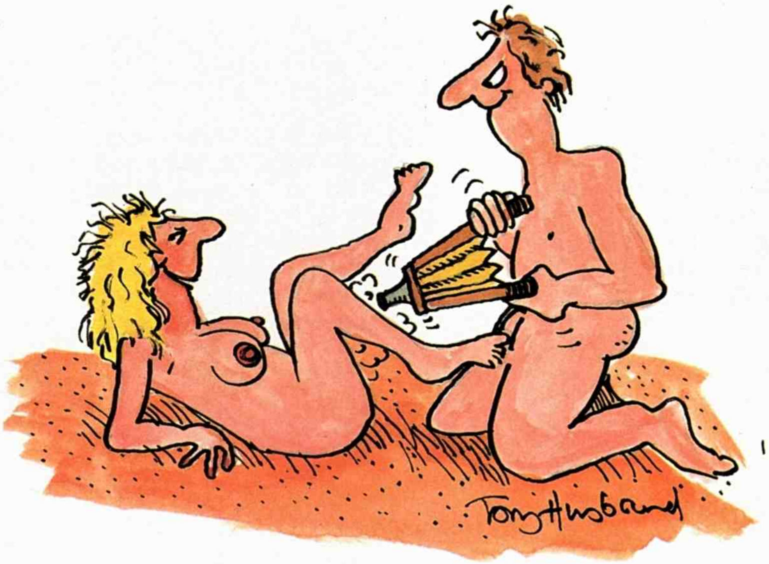
Listen, lads; I love sending you signed piccies of Yours Truly, but demand, as they say, is proving to be overwhelming. So, from now on, any requests for pictures *must* be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope (at least 9″×6″). This means I'll be able to send them off much quicker, so it's good news for everybody!

SKETCH CLUB

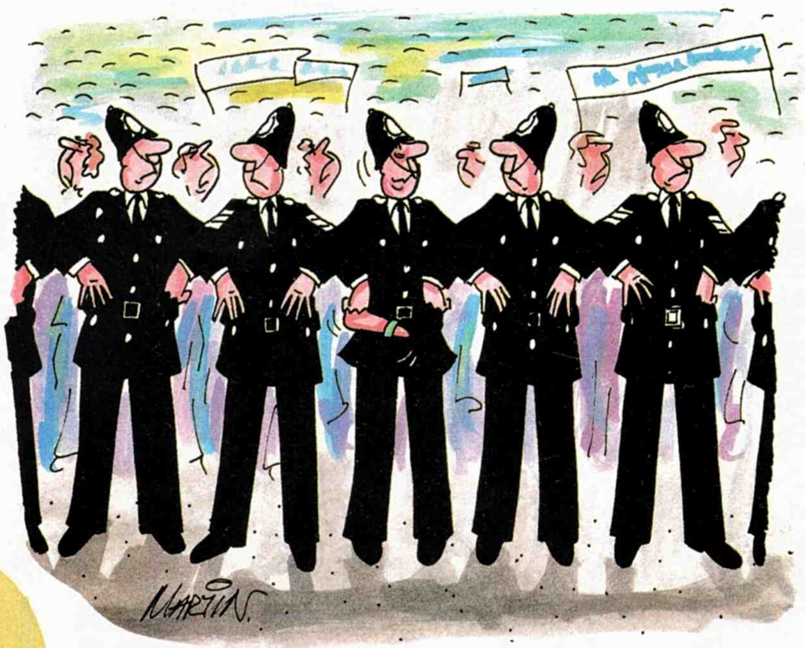


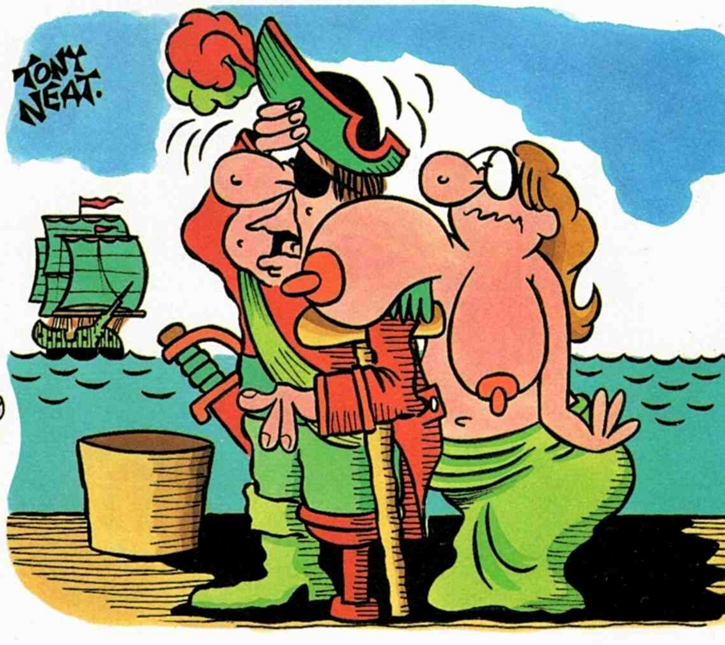
You realize you'll be under strict instructions not to mention the radiation leak

Do me a favour; get undressed in the dark

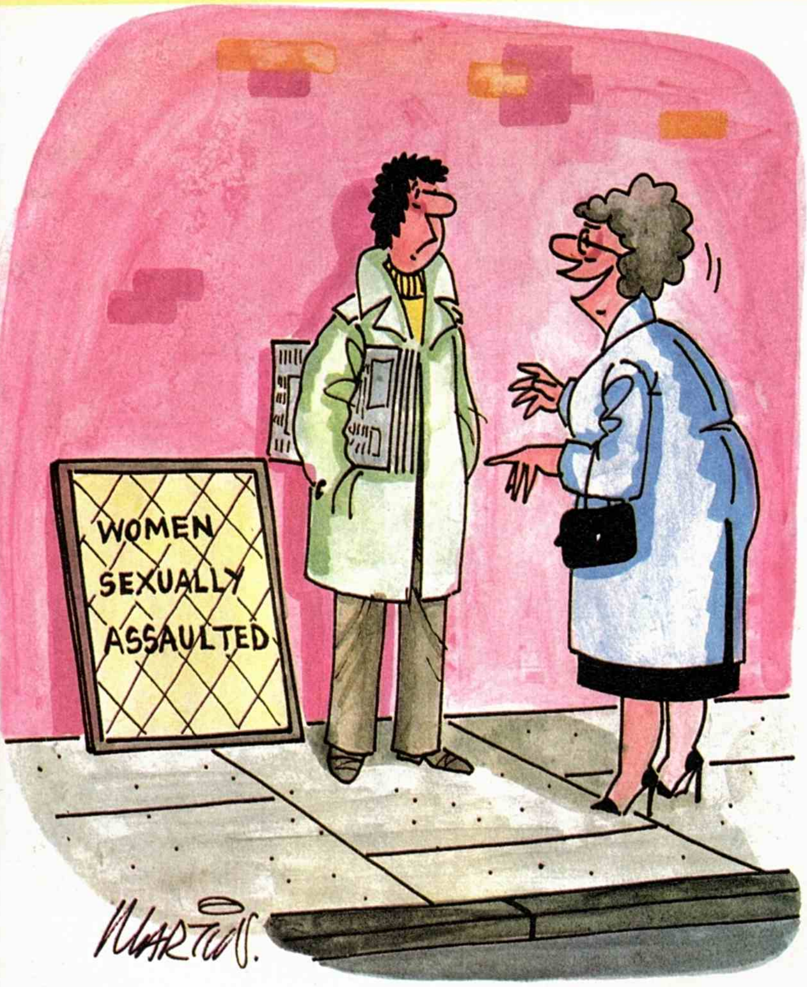


Phew! That's better

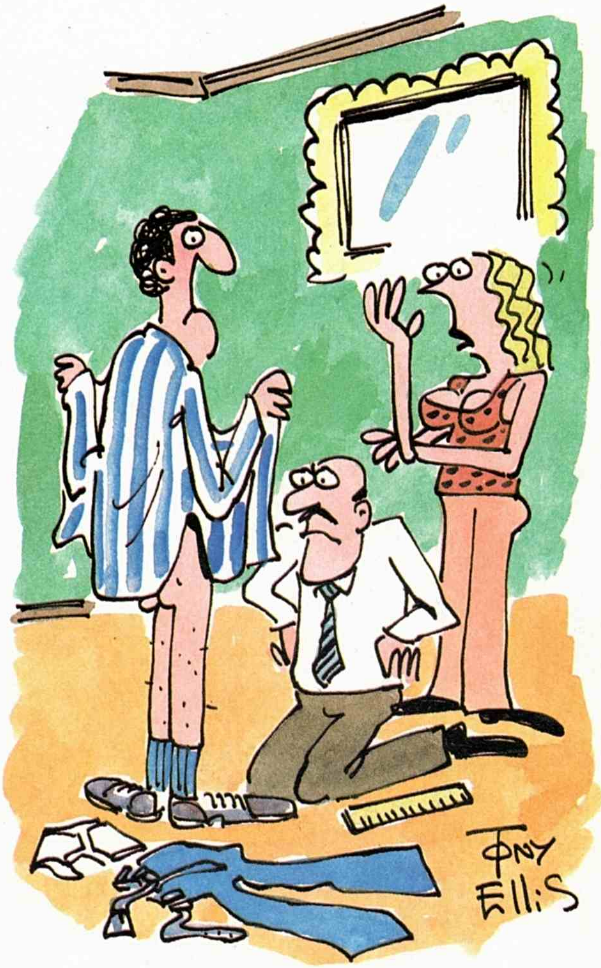




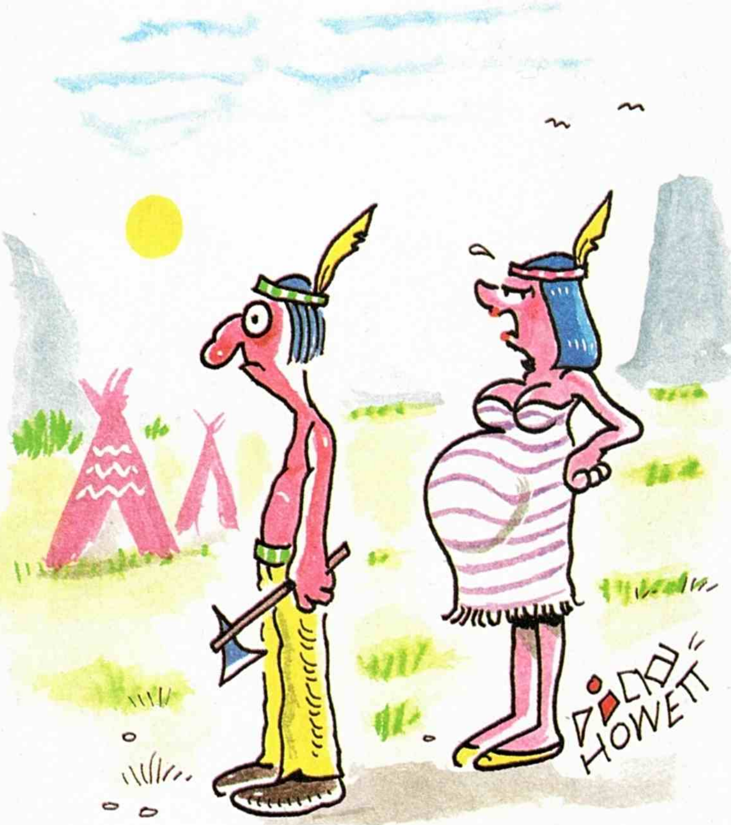
It be no good, me dear – I still miss the parrot



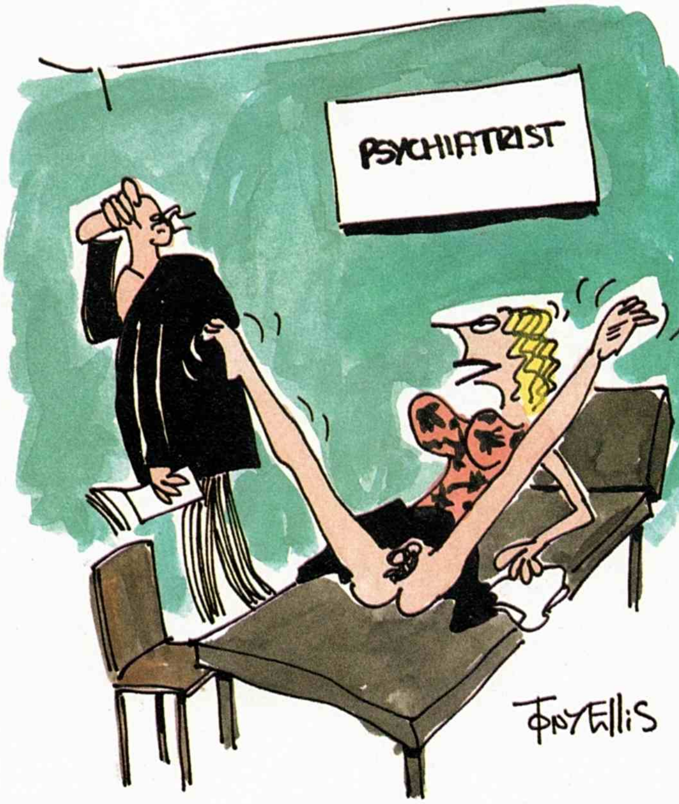
Is it very expensive?



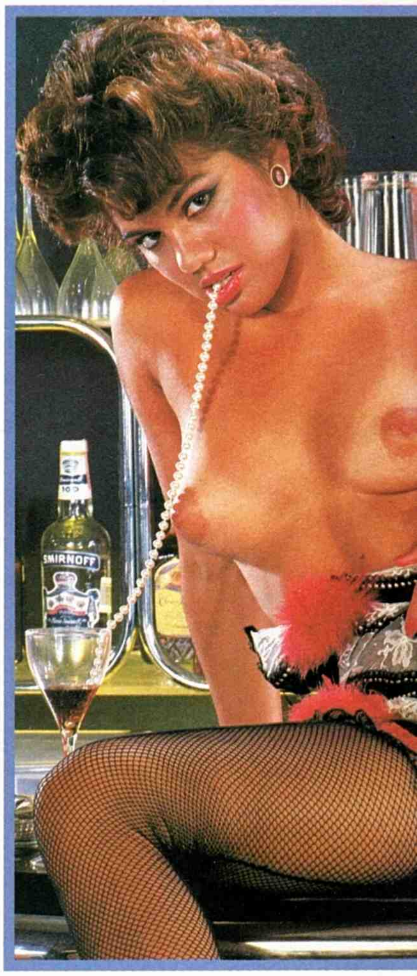
I know you want the best for me, dad, but can't you just say yes to us getting married without the inspection?



Remember those fertility rites you showed me last year?



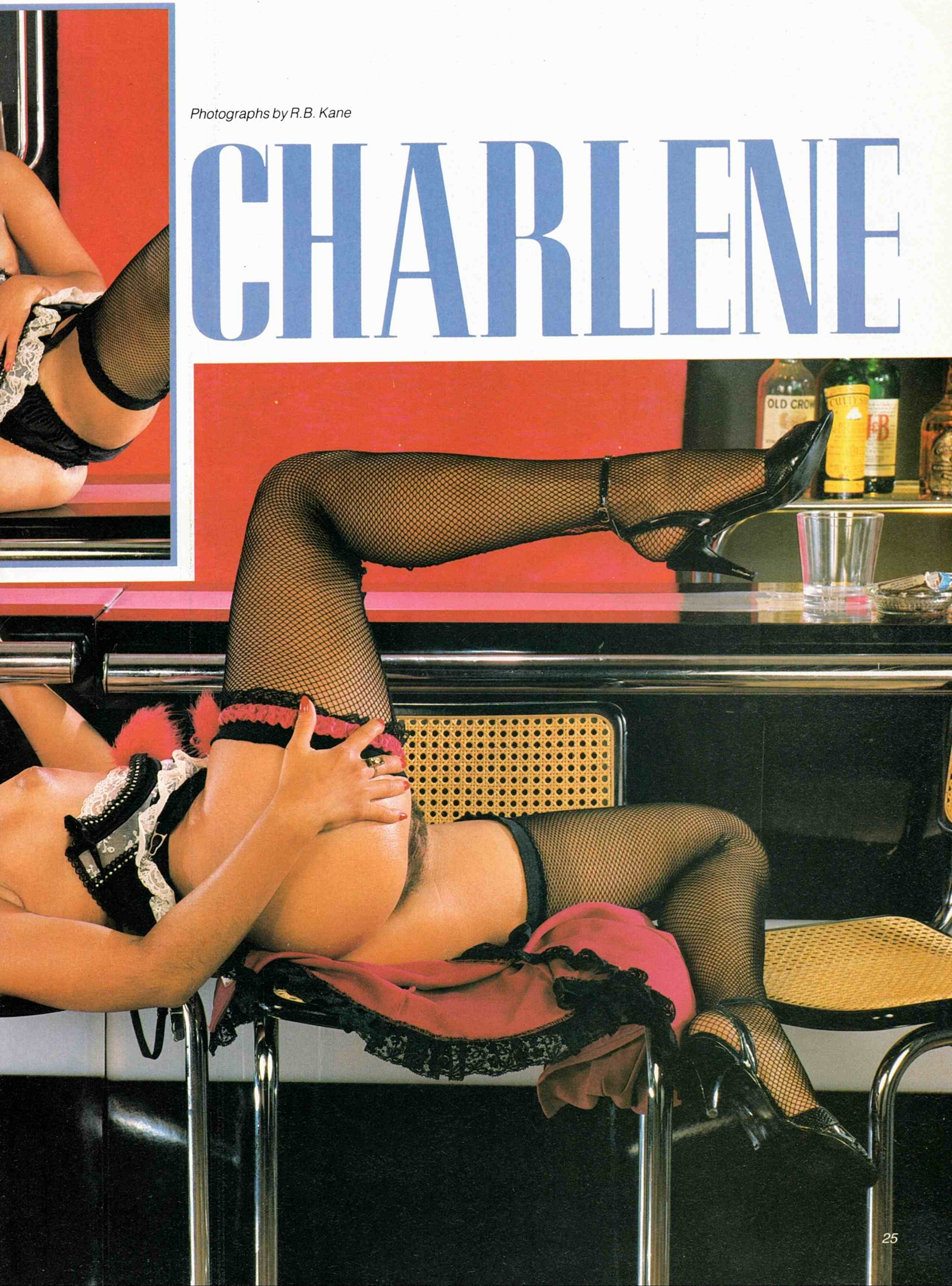
I'm too uptight to respond to more nymphomania therapy: Will you give me a quick poke to release the tension?



SMIRNOFF

Photographs by R.B. Kane

CHARLENE



Celebrity Nude TV GIRL *Exposed*

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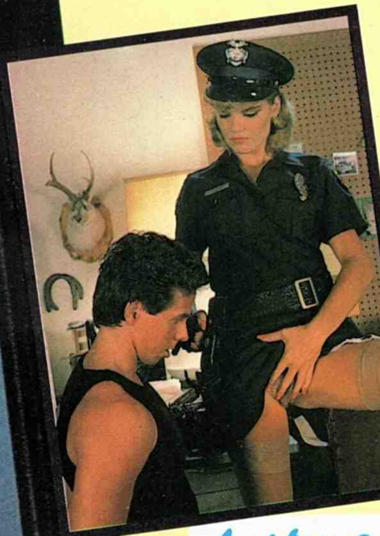
Everyone has a soft spot for a beautiful girl, but not for long with STEPHANIE, simply the most stunning model in the world. You'll most certainly GROW to like her.



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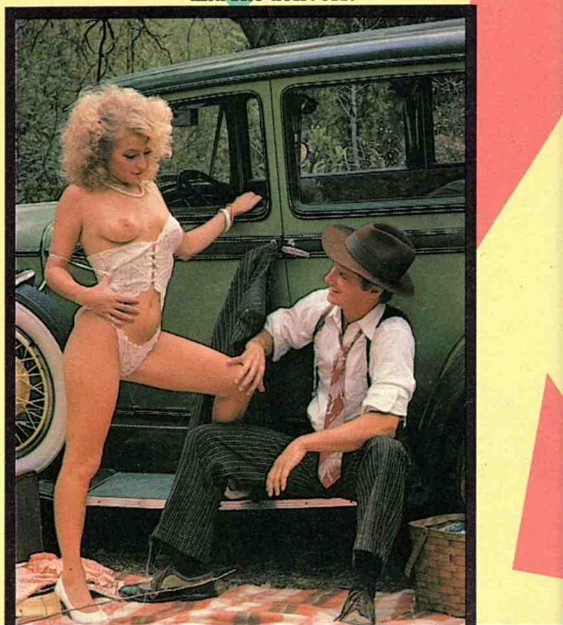
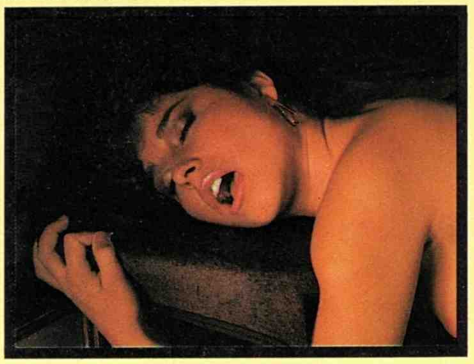
Cop a load of the Electric Bluebirds as they embark on a clean-up campaign. These gals cause more stick-ups than they prevent, and you can be sure it's more than your collar that gets felt when they make an arrest. Guaranteed to raise not only the crime rate…

ARMED ROBBERY
Our runaway girl is picked up by a bank robber. He wants her and she wants his money. There's nothing prohibited in this thirties' yarn as he stands and she delivers.



THE COTTAGE
Our three medieval maidens explore the innermost depths of each other's bodies time after time. The Round Table has never seen the likes of this where the nights are long and the girls eat, drink and feel Mary.



CREAM RINSE
This crimper has no problems getting heads, or being given head, in his salon. Just what is his secret? He's got a bevy of beauties fighting over his blow-dries – guaranteed to give you a permanent glow!

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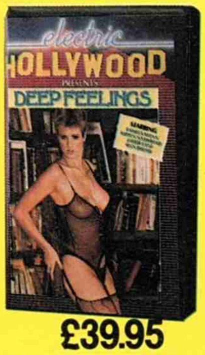

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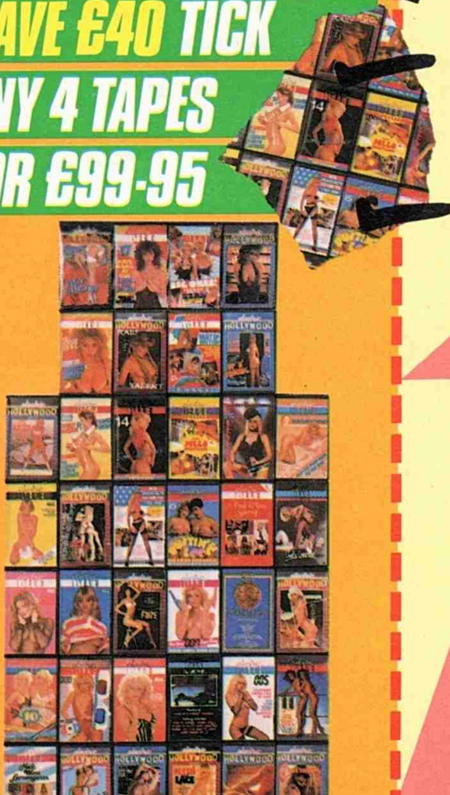

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HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

The Misadventures of a Sloane Ranger. Edited by Nigel Buxton. Illustrated by Paul Cemmick

The perils of the English Winter?

Not for Charles Eaton-Squire, Esquire, who is still plagued by memories of digging the Volvo estate out of the mud at Fontwell Park January last, while Henrietta, Chalkie and the boys huddled together for warmth in the members' loo. Even more unpleasant was that coursing weekend up on Benjy Soames' Suffolk estate: frostbitten toes, stumbling breathless across ploughed furrows, trying to keep pace (trying to keep composure, too, as a crazed greyhound collided with his ankle at 40 mph). And as for Christmas! Bloody awful trek to Bunny Lyle-Moncrieff's castle in Argyll, only to discover his host on the wagon, the nearest hostelry 32 miles away and closed for repairs.

'You can forget Verbier, too. Damn ski instructor had a permanent hard-on from the minute your tits spilled out over the piste after that collision with Sophie Carter-Jones.'

Henrietta sits at the dressing table in her slip, sifting through her blonde tresses with her favourite, oft-abused Maison Pearson, and smiles at the recollection. He'd been hung like a stallion, too. Damned clever trick, that; jamming the ski lift when Charles reached 300 feet. All the time in the world to savour a jolly old Swiss-roll-in-the-ski lodge.

'Eow really!' retorts the lady of the house, rummaging through the dressing table drawers for panties, spying her new three-speeder tucked inside a packet of tights and pushing it out of sight, to the back of the drawer.

'And what about that chalet maid you accosted after your seventh tankard of Gluhwein? A fine turn of phrase, I recall: "By God, you look like you could use a damn good rogering". *Rogering!* Really Charles, I can't imagine where you picked that one up. Pa-thetic!'

'She also attacked me,' says

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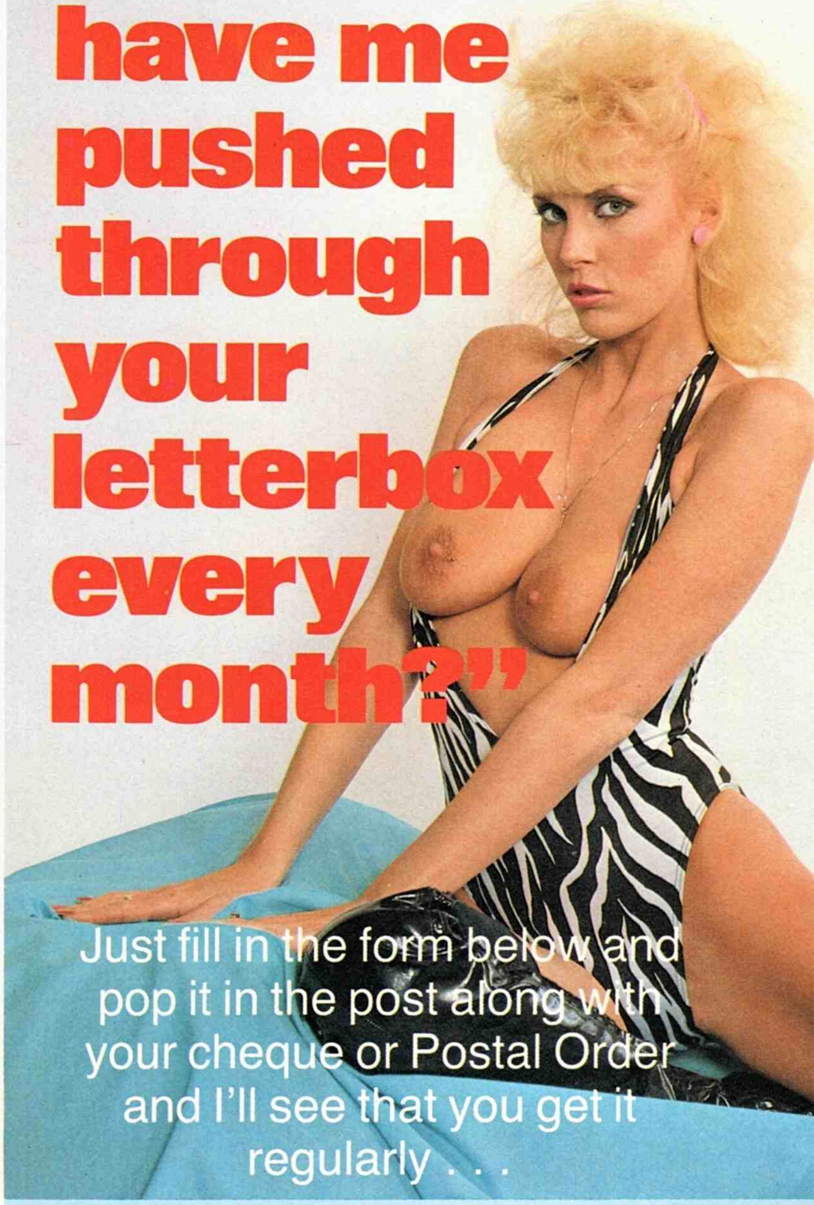

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Charles, sulkily.

'That knee in the balls, you mean? My God, you had it coming!'

Charles reaches in his dressing gown pocket and throws an envelope on to the dressing table.

'Eow,' says Henrietta, disdainfully. 'And what have we here? Divorce papers? Dinner invites from Sir James Goldsmith? Compromising photographs of me in the tool shed with John Holmes?'

'Open it,' says Charles, loftily.

Henrietta opens the package, extracts two airline tickets, and squeals – in much the same tone as if suddenly confronted by a used condom or a dead lizard.

Taking Advantage

'Oh, Charles! How COULD you! Oh, Dahling, how *wunn*-derful! St Lucia! Oh, Poppet, you're so kind!'

A radiant Henrietta Eaton-Squire turns to face her portly husband – and her face turns to stone. Taking advantage of the situation, Charles has thrown open his Hawes & Curtis silk robe. A rather gnarled and veinous erection stands and winks. Optimistically.

'Charles, do you *have* to be so crude? Charles? Charles! I'm talking to you. Charles! Gulp! Grmph! Mmph! Ugh, you filthy . . . *gastard!* Schlurp!'

Taking advantage of the situation, Charles has thrown open his Hawes & Curtis silk robe . . .

Charles, smug and smiling (in much the same way as when a large Scotch is thrust under his nose), stands, hands on hips, revelling in his reflection in the dressing table mirror, finding his young wife's expression of total and unequivocal revulsion *wunn*-derfully erotic. He pats her affectionately on the head as he ejaculates ('Eat it all up, Dearest, there's a good girl'), while Henrietta makes a secret vow.

'I'll fuck the life out of every windsurf instructor I lay my hands on!'

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Three hours later finds Henrietta in the sports department of Peter Jones, selecting a bikini with a wicked twinkle in her eye, discounting all but the most immodest, finally plumping for a highly un-Sloane little number in black, wet-look nylon ciré, and an even skimpier little number in white cotton, a glorified *cache-sex* that, with luck, Henrietta hopes might become totally transparent when soaked in sea water.

For life has suddenly given the Eaton-Squires time for such Caribbean capers. What with little Jeremy back at boarding school and Inga, the pudding-chested Au Pair, summoned back to Oslo by an irate father (unimpressed by Charles' shots of her in *Pussy,* Scandinavian edition), there are precious few incentives to hang around slush-strewn SW3. Besides which, the DPP's decision not to prosecute Charles for his fraudulent multi-application for British Telecom shares is cause for celebration.

Incongruous in an ice-blue acrylic safari suit, screaming for attention beneath his olive-green covert coat, Charles and his more topically tropically-attired wife change planes at Barbados for the last leg to St Lucia, a terrifying (by Charles' standards) lightning-lashed 20-minute flight by twin-engined Cessna. Charles vomits, Henrietta looks away in disgust, and a large Rastafarian pats her inner thigh reassuringly.

'Don't worry, Darlin'. My people had the same problem 'pon the slave ships from Aff-ricaah.'

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'Eow, gosh, how absolutely frightful!'

Tired, disorientated, and not a little paranoid, the Eaton-Squires are driven north to their luxury villa – via the slums of Castries.

'Not, er, quite like the brochures,' mutters Charles, as they stop at lights. An old man urinates up against his shack, a small boy squats and skins a putrid goat head, and a somewhat withered hooker eyes the corpulent, freely-perspiring Englishman like a vulture.

However, the Eaton-Squires are considerably relieved to discover their villa is indeed luxurious, and suitably distant from the harsh realities of the capital. Henrietta, having savoured the blossom-laden night air, having harkened to the chorus of cicadas and crickets (and having slyly clocked the clusters of lean, lissom beach bums and Rastas on the approach road) is feeling suddenly girlish. Slipping out of her things, she showers and runs shrieking out on to the patio with Charles in hot pursuit, beating her buttocks with a wet towel.

Distant Throb

Leaning across the balcony, Henrietta is so overcome by the moonlit view of the bay and the distant throb of reggae music, she unhesitatingly leans forward for Charles to nudge his way into her from behind. As he thrusts, her breasts jiggle from side to side in the warm, sub-Tropical breeze.

'Evenin' Mizzus! Welcome to St Lucia.'

Mortified, Henrietta looks down to see a smiling, uniformed native, cleaning the plunge pool.

'Eow, God! Didn't see you thah! You people have a way of sort of merging with the dark, don't you!'

The pool attendant's face drops. Henrietta realizes her gaffe. 'OK, yah. Right, well, goodnight!' she calls.

'Yeah, sure.'

Still enjoined, Henrietta and Charles backpedal across the patio into the privacy of their villa to resume their (unusually cordial) activities on the bed. Outside, old Winston hawks and spits – into the pool. And calls it a night.

* * * * *

After breakfast, Henrietta emerges from the bathroom in her new bikini. The black, wet-look one that clings so lovingly, so revealingly, to her . . . parts.

Charles, still indulging himself on the patio (melon, Coke, and already halfway through a bottle of Mount Gay rum) chokes on sight.

Henrietta looks longingly at the boys, and at the tall elephant grass behind her . . .

'My God, woman, don't do this to me so early in the morning!'

'Why, Charles, is something wrong?' asks Henrietta coquettishly, swivelling around for her husband to cop the view from the rear.

'Wrong?' splutters Charles. *'Wrong?* My God, we came here to recuperate, dammit, not shoot a bloody blue film!'

Mountainous Belly

Charles takes another belt of the local brew and steels himself for the arrival at poolside. He sports a new Panama and flashy Porsche sunglasses (and new bathers from Lillywhites, their rakish cut totally negated by his mountainous belly), but when confronted by 50 fitter, leaner, healthier tourists seated around the pool, feels less than comfortable. His unease is such that it seems as though everyone is thinking out loud:

'What on earth does a lovely girl like that see in a pig like THAT?'

They are.

Musclebound

As Henrietta claims the last remaining sun lounger, Charles looks around in panic. But as a hulking, musclebound, shaven-headed black man in tight, white shorts appears on the scene (ten German teenage girls pretending not to notice), Charles knows his misery will be short-lived. The black man waves. Charles waves back.

'Dahling,' says Henrietta, puzzled. 'Do you know that man?'

'Sure, yah. Pal-o-mine.'

'Mizzduh Eadon-Squiah mah OLE, OLE FRIEND!'

'Hello, Godfrey – meet the wife.'

'Mizzuz, this man CHAMPEEN WADDASKIAH!'

'Godfrey!' Charles hisses. 'Don't overdo it!'

But the black man is into his stride. 'Oh, yas! This man CHAMPEEN WADDASKIAH!'

Utterly mystified, Henrietta sits up and stares as Charles and the tall, dark stranger disappear towards the beach. Once out of sight, Charles bungs the burly native 50 dollars for the prearranged theatricals, and together they push the twin Johnson-powered sports craft off the baking white sand into the surf. Once around the point, Charles can slip on his skis and make a fool of himself to his heart's content . . .

Now more suspicious than mystified, but none the less pleased to have her white whale of a husband out of her hair, Henrietta grabs her towel and strolls – with an emphatic wiggle – in the direction of the beach, declining in the process all offers of cowrie shell necklaces, grass hats, wooden sculptures, marijuana, and – for the moment at least – deviant sex.

A bunch of Rastas and off-duty hotel porters playing frisbee on the sand suddenly lose interest in the sport as the shapely Mrs Eaton-Squire returns shoreward from her brief splash in the surf and, standing knee-deep, casually removes her bikini bottom and shakes out some sand.

Back on the beach, Henrietta walks to a more remote area, lays out her towel, and removes her bikini top. Unsurprisingly, the frisbee game moves with her, a dozen dashing black boys pretending not to notice the White Goddess in their midst.

But for Henrietta and the gambolling youths, the beach is as yet unpopulated. Henrietta looks longingly at the boys, and at the tall elephant grass behind her, and at their brief, wet swimtrunks, so, so . . . *full.* Henrietta looks left, in the direction of the hotel complex; right to the bleak, craggy point; and out to sea. It really is *amazingly* deserted. Oh, FUCK it!

'Well, come on, then,' she says, getting to her feet and peeling off her bikini bottom a second time, her full, stiff-nippled breasts already beginning to pinken in the sun. 'I haven't got all day, who wants first go?'

Two weeks in the Caribbean can pass with awesome speed. Nevertheless it's long enough to give the Eaton-Squires a tan – Henrietta's, all-over ('Funny, I don't recall you taking your pants awf,' says Charles, as they shower together before dinner on their last night, commenting on his wife's uncommonly brown buttocks).

A delayed flight gives Henrietta time for a last-minute jog along the beach for farewell blowjobs with the beach bums, while Charles, ever-unaware, also savours a few lengths – of backstroke – in the children's pool.

Polaroids

Meanwhile, back home in SW3, Nanny Bryant has just forged Henrietta's signature (on the new Coutt's cheque book she found in the study), for the 25th time, and is loading her suitcase – heavy with looted silver cutlery – into a cab. After all, life chez Eaton-Squire has become intolerable of late, what with the water tank bursting and the bedroom ceilings caving in.

On the way to the airport, the faithful Nanny thumbs through the Polaroids – featuring Henrietta and her lover, Trigger 'Big Dick' Rogers, looking very happy together – and figures that, handled 'proper, like,' they're worth their weight in cocaine.

'And they say Spain's nice, even this time of year,' says Nanny to the cabbie, peeling off three fivers wrapped around a roll of fifties, at precisely the moment the 15.30 from Barbados touches down on Runway one-five.

'Nice to be back, though – eh, Dahling?'

Henrietta squirms as Charles grips her knee.

'Yah, ab-solutely!' she lies, winking at the steward in the gangway opposite. He zips his fly, blowing her a goodbye kiss . . .

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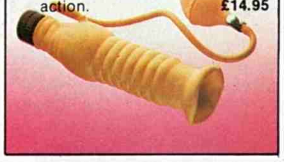

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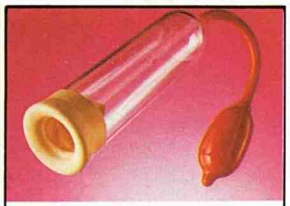

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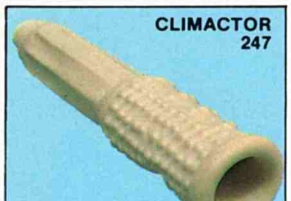

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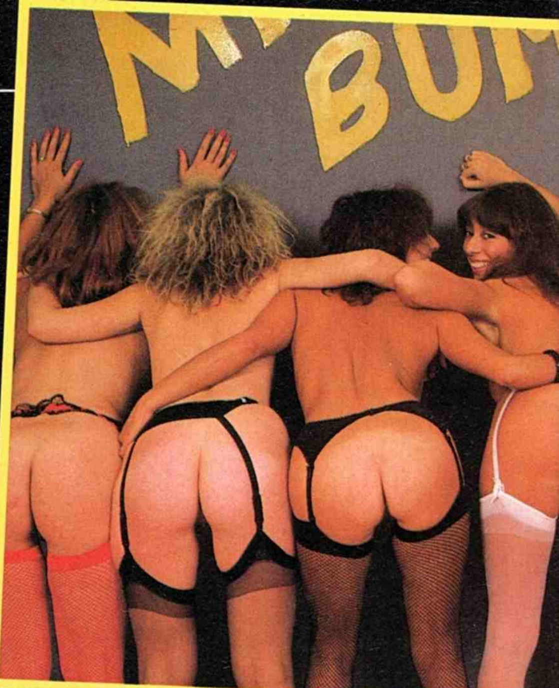
Bums and boobs, especially when they form part of jolly maidens such as these, always go down well. Many of you out there tell us that a bit of B 'n' B is more welcome than full-board any day of the week, even with special off-peak rates.

Nothing off-peak about this lot, though, is there? They look as though they know how to have a good time, and they look as though they know how to *give* a good time.

Yes, not for the first time in *Club Event*, we've *boobed* . . . really hit rock *bottom*.

Photographs by Dave Antony



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Graduating students at the Nottsgrove Academy are given a very practical demonstration of the Facts of Life by freedom-loving headmaster, Dr. White, in the form of delightful encounters with his niece, Lucy. Andrew Scott has already sampled his first lesson, but friend Pelham is yet to be initiated . . .

"It was a lazy summer afternoon during my last term at Nottsgrove. The day's classes had ended and I was busily engaged in deciding what news to pen in my obligatory letter home (no excuses for the absence of such an epistle were ever allowed), when Doctor White entered the hallowed portals of the prefects' common room to pin up a notice of forthcoming sports fixtures upon the wall board.

"After a moment or two my old friend Pelham Forbes-Mackenzie asked the good Doctor some trifling question about a paper on modern philosophy that he was preparing for the summer examination – and of course this was more than enough to set our much-loved and respected old pedagogue on course for yet another lecture about the faults of present-day civilization.

"'My dear old chap,' he boomed, 'never forget how we are unchained in body yet still shackled mentally to grossly outdated ideas that make our lives unnecessarily worrisome. But soon, Forbes-Mackenzie, very soon we shall face a climax in this continual struggle between, upon one hand, established authority with its clutch of beliefs and rituals and, upon the other, the soon-to-be-awakened intelligence of the until now uninformed, ignorant masses!'

Natural Flow

"All conversation in the room ceased, as we knew that the Doctor always enjoyed as large an audience as possible for his little speeches, and I sat back to hear him continue.

"'To deflect the attack on these taboos which will be made when the general education of the common people is completed,' he announced, 'I believe that our so-called masters and betters will attempt to reinforce all those rules and regulations (which they themselves often ignore!) in an attempt to hold back the natural flow of self-understanding and enlightenment that mass education will surely bring.

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"When our headmaster was firmly mounted upon his hobby-horse, it took a great deal of energy to persuade him to dismount! Of course, those readers who have perused my previous recollections of life at Nottsgrove will recall that we fortunate boys who studied under his care were given a most pleasing row across the sexual Rubicon by the Doctor's young niece, Lucy, and by other young ladies of her acqaintance all, of course, to further Doctor White's belief in freedom in all social and personal relationships.

"However, to return to that particular afternoon; Pelham turned to me after the Doctor had finally swept out of the room after finishing his oration and said: 'Andrew, my old chap, I believe that in your case, our headmaster has translated principle into practice as far as relations with the fair sex are concerned?'

First Lesson

"'This is so,' I replied carefully. 'I received my first lesson from Lucy some ten days ago.'

"'That's damned unfair,' complained my friend. 'I have yet to fuck my first girl and I am only three months younger than you.'

"Later that evening, only half an hour or so before lights-out, one of the Doctor's house-servants knocked upon the door of my study and announced that the headmaster wished to see me immediately. It was a warm July night and I was dressed only in a shirt and trousers and, as the matter seemed of such prime urgency, I slipped on a jacket and followed the man to the door of Dr White's private domain. I knew he would forgive my omission of a waistcoat and tie, as punctuality was a virtue he prized highly.

"It occurred to me that in all probability my call was in connection with the truly heartfelt plea Pelham had made to Doctor White to be allowed to cross the sexual Rubicon – and indeed, my premonition was soon to be proved absolutely correct. For when I knocked smartly on the door of the headmaster's private chambers, instead of a deep, somewhat gruff voice commanding me to enter, there was a soft sound of a muffled little giggle. Instantly I knew that the little minx Lucy was behind the door waiting for me – possibly alone but more probably with Pelham, as she had used my services before to demonstrate the art of fucking to newcomers to the sport.

French Perfume

"Without further ado I opened the door and, as I had expected, there was the pretty little filly attired simply in a light blue cotton robe that she was very fond of wearing, especially as it had been a birthday gift from Doctor White. It was a wide, sweeping garment with ruffles, held together only by a blue sash of the same material. From underneath, the intoxicating aroma of her luscious young body poured out, mingling subtly with the French perfume I knew that she had dabbed between her bare breasts. And there, standing forlornly, without a stitch of clothing to his name, was poor Pelham looking a trifle shamefacedly down at the floor.

"'My dear Andrew,' smiled Lucy. 'As you can see from the droop of his little pego, your friend is

Photographs by Dave Antony

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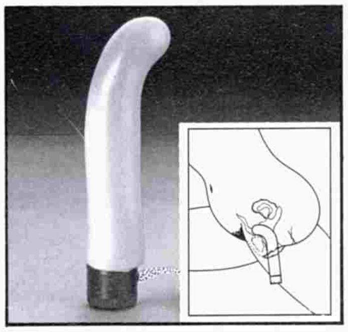

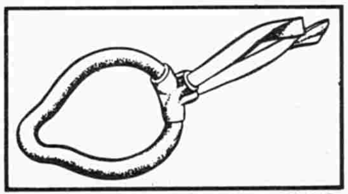

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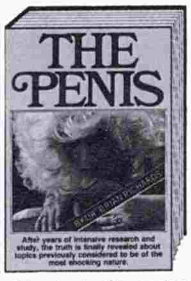
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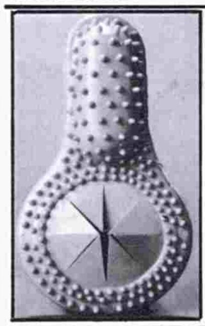

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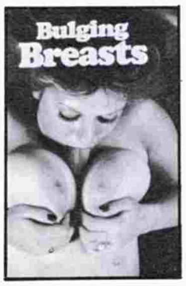

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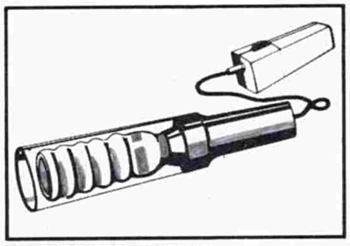

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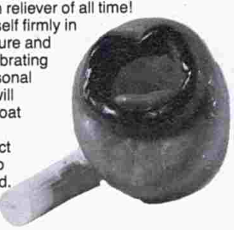

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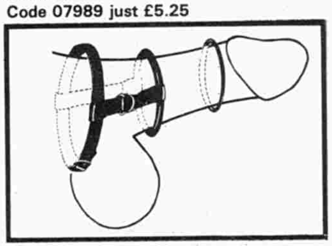

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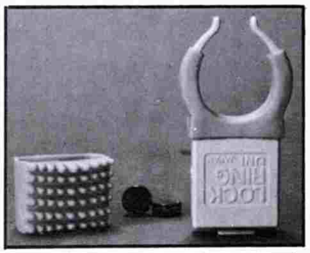

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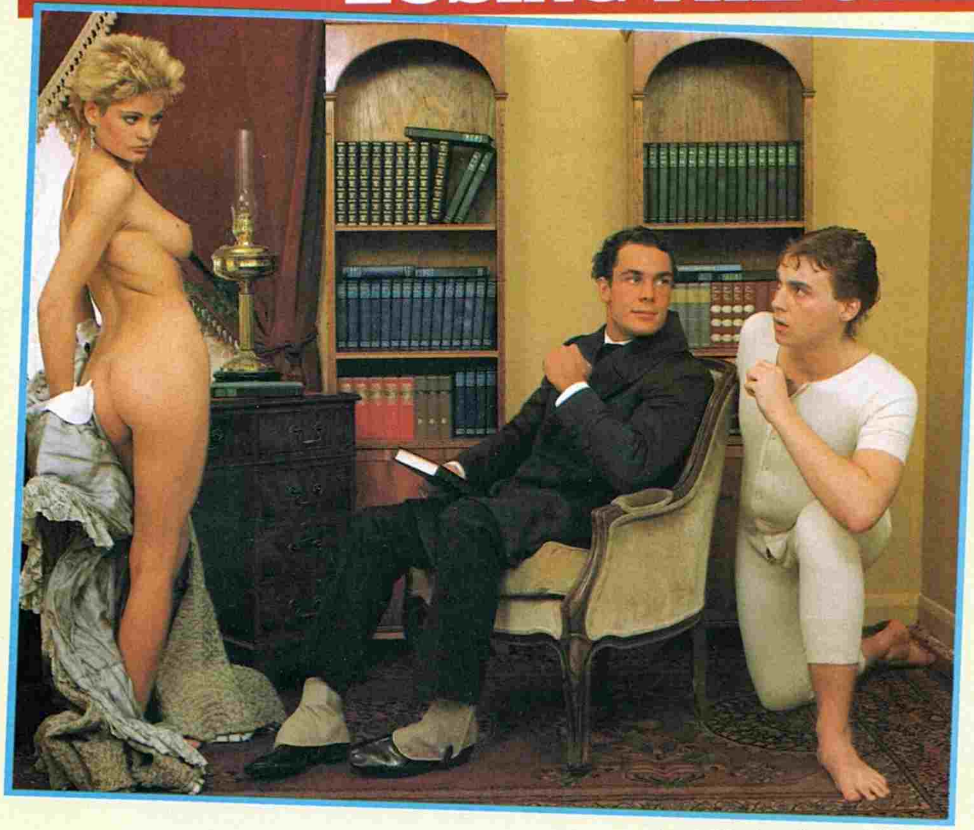


rather nervous. Perhaps he is a little frightened of me. Will you help me put him at his ease?'

"'We can easily cure this malady, my sweet Lucy, by showing him how to fuck like a gentleman!' I said, already fired by the stunning beauty of this delicious girl.

"'Those are my sentiments exactly,' she agreed, and as if by a prearranged mutual signal, we both stepped forward and engaged in a hearty embrace. As we kissed and our mouths opened to receive each other's tongues, Lucy tugged at the sash of her gown to untie the simple knot. The sash fell to the ground, the gown opened and she stepped out in all her naked glory. She stood before me like a statue crafted by a master sculptor come magically to life. Below the roots of her golden blonde hair, her creamy white skin was of an incredible softness. Her beautiful full breasts were as firm and round as two globes; her well-rounded shoulders tapered down into a small waist; her small feet, with delicate ankles, expanded upwards into fine calves, her thighs were full and proportionately made, whilst hanging down between them, forming a perfect veil over the pouting little slit, was a mass of silky blonde hair that contrasted so well with the snowy whiteness of her belly.

Quickening Pace

"As we writhed about in each other's arms, I managed to disengage myself of my clothes and my prick began to leap and prance about between her thighs, seeking an entrance into the hospitable retreat that awaited him. Her breasts rose and fell with the quickening pace of her breathing but I realized that I had to instruct Pelham in the full range of lovemaking. I therefore disengaged my mouth from her burning kiss and sank down to my knees, pushing her down onto the carpet. I squeezed those gorgeous orbs and ran my fingers over the stiff, engorged nipples that stood out like taps waiting to be drawn upon. Then, as I heard her gasp with pleasure, I buried my face in the thick brush of fluffy pubic hair. I grasped her lovely bottom cheeks as I flashed my tongue round the damp motte. She whimpered as her pussy opened wide and I slipped my probing tongue between the pinky sex lips. I felt myself flicking against her stiffening clitty as I licked and licked in long thrusting strokes. Her cunny was now gushing love juice and as you may well imagine, my young pego was straining at the leash.

"Lucy moaned with desire and I knew that such a sound heralded her wish to receive me fully. I raised my head and Lucy lay flat on her back on the lush green carpet with her legs spread wide to await the arrival of Mr Pego. She reached out and grasped my swollen rod, which was now in its prime state of erection. She caressed the throbbing shaft and I knew the time had come to conclude the overture and begin the performance in earnest.

Sturdy White Legs

"I knelt between her sturdy white legs as she handled my prick so gently that I was concerned that I might come in her hands before I had tasted the full delights of her juicy quim.

"'Come now, Andrew,' she murmered. 'Let's show Pelham how to do this exercise properly.'

"As she guided my throbbing cock into her moist crack I noticed that Pelham's thick prick was now swollen upwards as he watched Lucy guide my cock into her warm, moist love channel. To hold her creamy buttocks was sheer delight and to suck her stiff little pink nipples was just too much for me. As soon as Lucy began to massage the underside of my balls I pumped wildly into her eager cunt and she groaned with delight as the gush of my juices sent wave upon wave of erotic energy passing through our bodies.

"I knew that the delicious girl needed more fucking and that I had to be unselfish and let Pelham have his way with her. I heaved myself off Lucy and, after a questioning glance, Pelham gently lowered himself upon her, his body quivering with anticipation of the joys to come. There was a brief moment before his tight little arse was lowered and Lucy moaned when he finally managed to guide his excited cock into her. Although this was his first fuck, Pelham had a natural understanding of what was required and he did not rush in and out in a mad frenzy but thrust home slowly, then withdrawing and re-entering further. This had the desired effect upon Lucy, who was now in a state of high excitement. Her entire body quivered as she gasped: 'Oh, lovely, really lovely, Pelham! Ah, those long powerful strokes and – oh, yes – now Pelham, now. Make me come! Ram your darling cock into me! Shoot your sperm! *Ah*!'

"Her bottom ground and rolled violently as she clawed Pelham's back and he grasped her shoulders and began to ride her as a bucking bronco. Her legs slid down, her heels digging into the carpet as she arched her back, working her cunt back and forth against the ramming of Pelham's thick, glistening tool. The moment was nigh and Pelham sheathed his cock so fully within her that his balls nestled against her chubby bum cheeks. 'Now, Lucy, my little pet,' he said huskily, 'suck it out with your darling slit – every drop.' He shuddered as powerful squirts of creamy spunk exploded in her, on and on, until the last faint dribblings oozed out as he sank full down, his weight pinning her to the floor with the last weak pulsings.

Entire Length

"My own rod was now standing as straight and erect as any Guardsman on duty, and Lucy could see that I was game for a third bout. She smiled at me and motioned me closer. 'I know what you want, Andrew,' she whispered. 'But Pelham's big prick has made me somewhat sore. Just stay where you are and I will relieve your agony.' She pulled my aching prick towards her gorgeous lips which opened to receive my red knob. Lucy squirmed away to leave Pelham lying on his own as her lips enveloped my shaft and sank down its length, making me shudder with pleasure. She quickened the movements of her mouth and her right hand snaked down and busily frigged away at her still juicy cunt. All too soon I was forced to whisper to Lucy that I was about to come. She craned her neck forward and forced the entire length of my tool into her throat. her lips almost touching my balls. As I shot off my cream into her hot mouth she cupped my balls in her hand, her buttocks bucking up and down as she transported herself to the very pinnacle of delight. I spent copiously into her mouth and she greedily sucked every last creamy drop from my now shrinking affair.

"Calm now being restored, I awarded the sweetly flushed girl a loving kiss, caressing her everywhere. Of course, it was now Pelham's turn to be ready for more fun and games but Lucy said she was exhausted and needed to rest. 'Doctor White is dining with Reverend Shackleton tomorrow night,' she giggled, 'and I have invited my good friend Amelia Fenland to spend the evening with me. I have a splendid idea. Let us all meet in Doctor White's bedroom after supper. Shall we say at half past eight?'

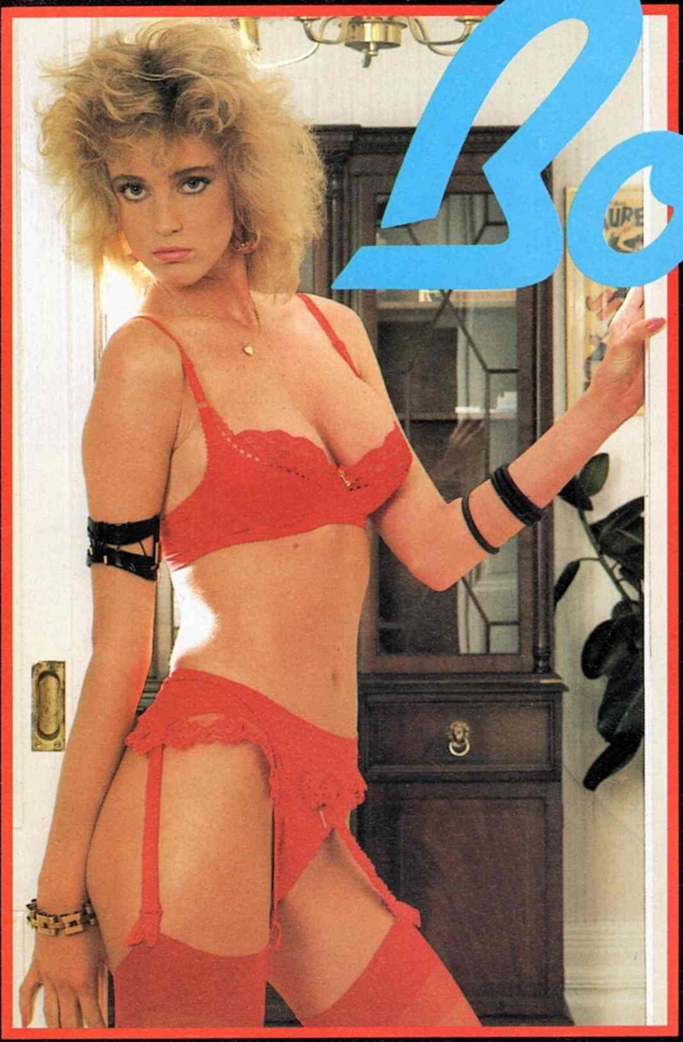
"'That sounds wonderful, my darling. That's all right with you, isn't it, old man?' I said, glancing across to Pelham.

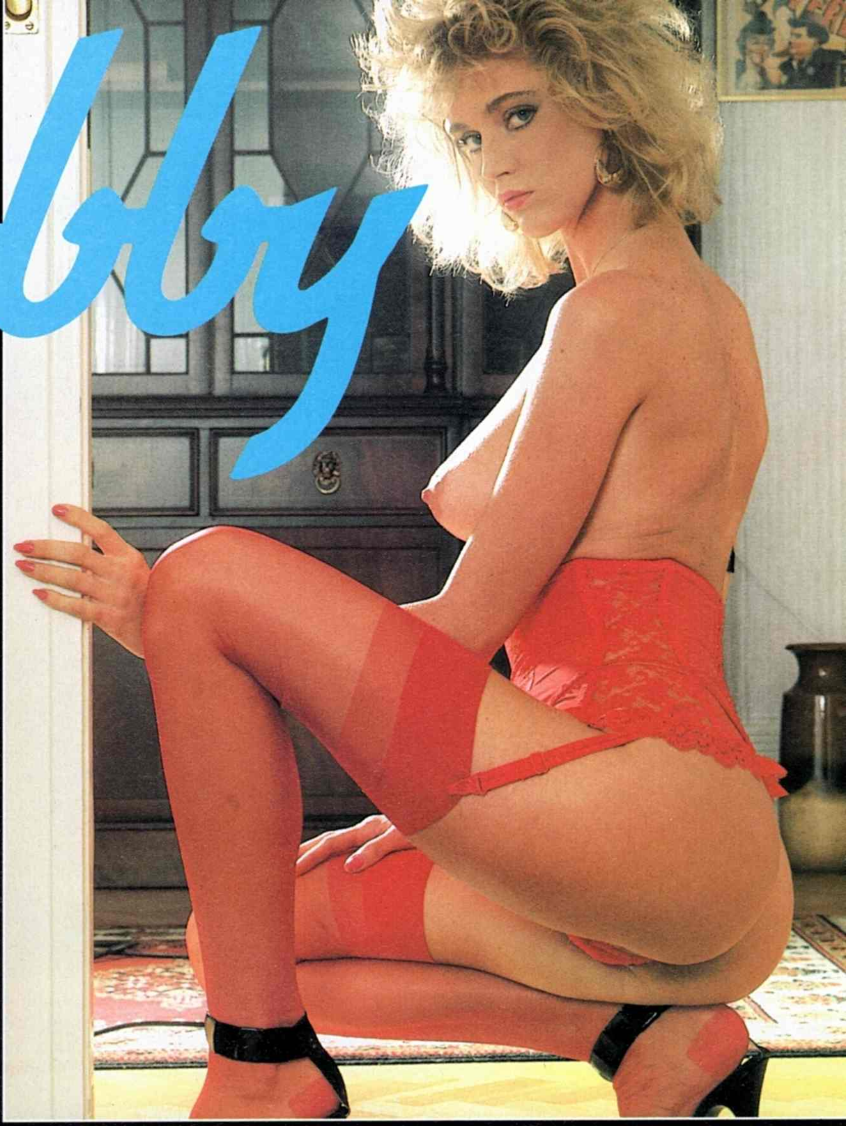
"'Oh, yes, most certainly. I would love to – ah – but – ah – does Amelia – ?' he stammered.

"'Of course she does, you silly boy,' laughed Lucy. 'Amelia hardly has the chance to have a good fucking more than once a month as she lives with her Uncle Jonathan in Totteridge Village, and he is terribly strict and rarely lets her leave the house. So she will be more than ready for the fray. Go to bed now and don't be tempted to play with yourselves as I want you both in tip-top fettle tomorrow night!'

"And with this stern injunction she kissed us both lightly and stole away back to her rooms. Although she was the good Doctor's niece, she spent few days in idleness, as she spoke both French and German with great fluency and marked all the foreign language essays of the fourth and fifth form boys."

Bobby





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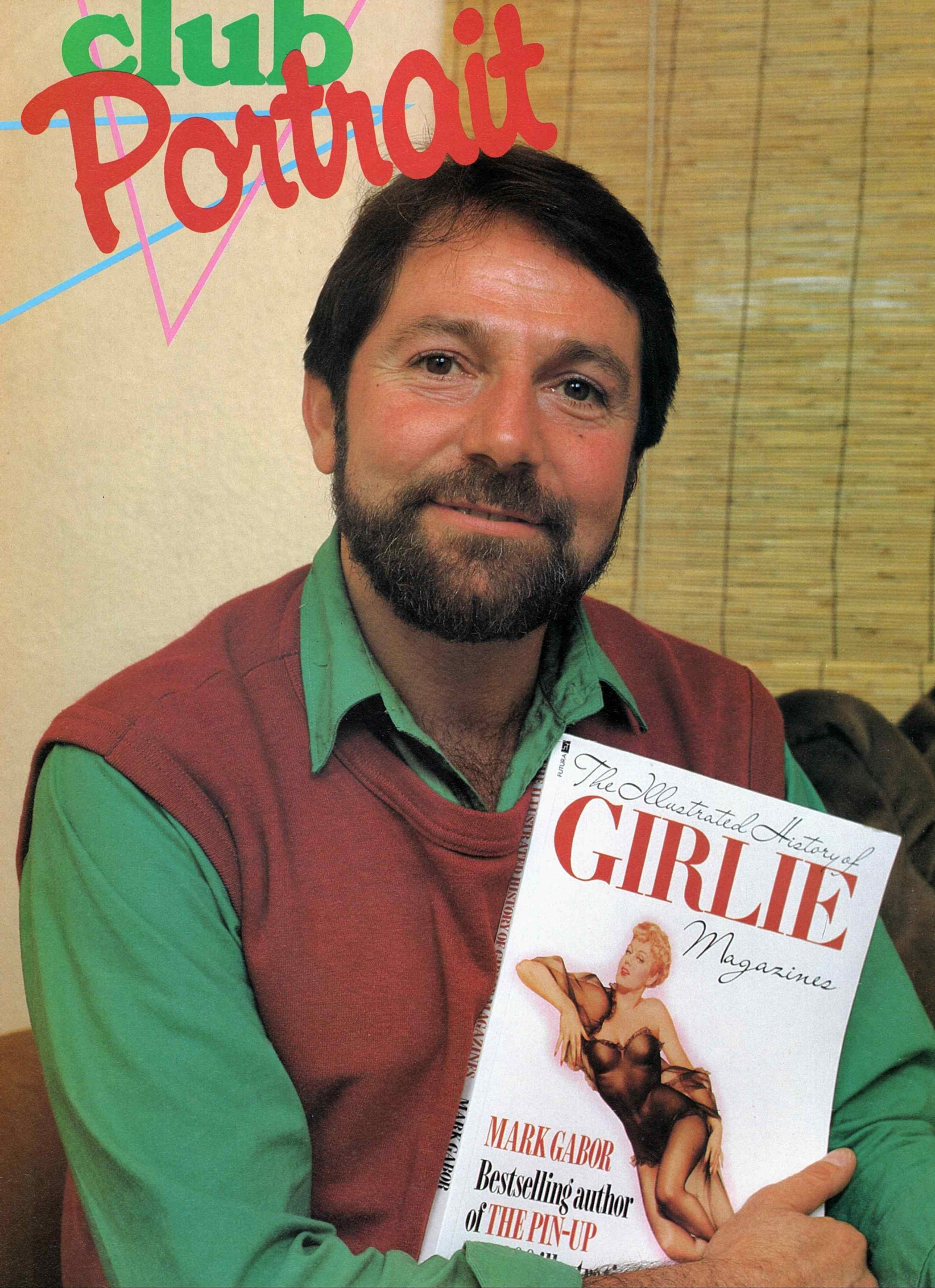
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Bestselling author of THE PIN-UP
THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF GIRLIE MAGAZINES
MARK GABOR

"A guy said I was just as sleazy as the magazines, and why didn't I straight out admit it...?"

Neil Gaiman talks to Mark Gabor

Mark Gabor is a New Yorker: bearded, trim, urbane. He's a writer, and having hit pay dirt with a study of pin-ups (called, not surprisingly, *The Pin-up*) some years back, he has returned to men's magazines with a definitive study: *The Illustrated History of Girlie Magazines*. Please note the word *illustrated*. That means all the pictures you want to see are in the book: remember that. It might be important.

The book itself is a fascinating study of the 'girlie' phenomenon, covering the last 150 years. He starts with the prototype magazine – the buxom prostitutes and dancers of *The National Police Gazette,* which tut-tutted, *News of the World*-like, over the scandal and the pictures that brought in the readers. On we go to the turn of the century, with the 'Gibson Girl', and photographs of actresses; the staid progression from then until 1953, as the 'art magazines', the 'photographic magazines', the 'candid confessions' (sample headline: *I Staked My Body – And Lost!*) and the Hollywood cheesecake pin-up journals were all of them replaced by *Playboy*, the first magazine to admit to publishing pictures for sexual purposes. Next came the hordes of imitators that followed it through the next decade – the '60s – as things became permissive, then the '70s, as things became pretty damn explicit. The '80s . . .

Girlie Photos

All of them are in the book, accompanied by a fairly scholarly text. However, it seemed fairly obvious to me that the whole point of a publication like this is so that 'legitimate' publishers can make a mint, printing girlie photos ('Over 300 Illustrations' boasts the cover) without admitting that was what they were doing – after all, these are simply the illustrations needed to prove the point.

And if the book sold to the hordes of people who would not have the courage to buy a magazine off the top shelf, but can buy a 'critical study' or a 'history', could the publisher or author be held to blame?

A cheap con job, I thought. And then I read the book. And, yes, there *are* more than 300 illustrations, at least a couple of which would no longer be allowed on the shelves of British newsagents. But there is also a fascinating, honest and interesting text. Gabor had obviously done his research. I agreed with him on almost every point I had personal knowledge of. However, the book is American in nature, and his comments on British men's magazines seemed either many years out of date or slightly ill-informed, as if he had merely glanced at a few current issues.

Was this the case?

'Well, yes, it was. The British scene wasn't something I made a special effort to check out. I just looked at the current issues of British magazines . . . it isn't that authoritative on the British, as the biggest thrust and the trendsetting is the US. The UK is the second-biggest, with Germany third.'

However, your conclusion is off. You suggest that things will get more and more explicit in terms of personal relationships – two, three or more people in a set. It may be true across the Atlantic, but over here everything is becoming more staid. The trends have been retreating for the last five years.

'Yes, I knew about that; I was aware of it. I discussed it with the American publishers, and they said that for the effectiveness of the book I should stress the continuation of this, rather than talk about any slacking off of interest. Did I object to it? No, not really. I think that things will swing back and forth in both directions.'

So how did you get interested in girlie magazines?

'Well, *not* because I grew up loving them any more than the next guy – they were part of my life, just like anything else. But I wrote a book called *The History of The Pin-Up,* which was very successful here and in the US; my only bestseller. And a section of that was devoted to girlie magazines. Now, I didn't want to repeat myself, and have *More Pin-Ups* or *Pin-Ups III,* so I laid off the field of erotic publications, or commercial erotica, for a very long time.

'But I knew a lot already from the pin-up book, and it seemed to me there was a great deal of interest still in men's magazines. Calendars have fallen off, the Hollywood sex symbols aren't as great as they were, but the magazines – while not necessarily growing in circulation – were still a very powerful force. I decided to find out *how come?* And what I discovered is what made me write the book.

'There are 20 million girlie magazines sold in the US. The pass-along readership is three to five, which means that 80 million people a month – 85 to 90 per cent of them men – turn those pages. Well, I was very impressed by that, and I wanted to find out what the allure, what the sexual attraction was of the magazine, that it could affect *so* many people. I always knew there were different magazines with different readerships, and different sociological phenomena.

'For example, the smuttier magazines were not always for lower-class people; sometimes it was the very opposite attraction. The man of position would seek his kind of erotic fantasy in the sleaze mags, and the *Playboy* reader – who Hefner would have us believe is an upwardly mobile 26-year-old in a Porsche – in fact tends to be very working-class, but *aspiring.* It's a cross-cultural thing, and it became more and more interesting as a subject – the demographics, the sociological aspect, the psychological aspect. I had to sit there and ask what the different types of men are getting from these magazines.?

'One thing I *know* they do is jerk off to them. The publishers agreed it was a source of sexual arousal and satisfaction, but why was it *so* attractive? That was the real question.

Choice of Girls

'What it came out to be was something that has a great deal to do with feminist consciousness, and the feminist movement in the States. The serious ones. My discovery turned out to be very supportive of the feminist point of view. That is: the publishers were manipulating men, who in turn were setting out to dominate women. It's not an original idea, but I do feel it's been documented in the book.

'The man looks at the picture of his choice in any given magazine. You have a choice of magazines, and within the magazine you always have a choice of girls, of different-looking models. And each month they're changing – it's an invitation to promiscuity, in that you have a choice of women and you have total control. The women can't say "No" at any time.

'The woman can't express her feelings; she's yours to imagine anything you want, including any kind of sexual act. And the nicest thing of all is that when you're satisfied, all you have to do to get out of that connection with the woman is to close the pages of the magazine.

'I thought this was interesting. I knew that

Photographs by Dave Antony

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people *knew it,* but I didn't think that anyone had said it before. Not that clearly, not in print, not in a book that was – in spite of, or because of the sexy pictures – a serious study.

'My feeling is that anything that anyone does is OK – but we should know as much about it as possible.'

But isn't it a valid argument that really your book is just a cheap way of providing the same pictures that the magazines do, with an added frisson of respectability?

'I can't say *no* to that. I can't. It's a legitimate argument – it's not that simple – but I know most of the people who buy the book will buy it for the same reason they buy magazines that the book is about. The *Pin-up* book sold over 300,000 copies, and I'd venture to say that a very small fraction of that audience read the text. But the text is there. And I don't think I can take some kind of moral responsibility if a reader pays money for a book which has been researched for several years. You are buying a text that will really and truly tell you everything you want to know – including things you don't want to know – about those pictures. If the reader chooses not to read the text, all I can say is I've done my best to provide it.

Radio Interview

'I hope it sells to everyone, and I hope to make a lot of money on it, but I tell you this – and people can believe me or not – I would *never* allow the book to be published if someone said: "The text is not going to be read – let's take it out". There's no way this writer would allow that to happen.'

Having said that, of course, you do *need the text to sell the pictures.*

'I had a radio interview the other day where a guy said I was just as sleazy as the magazines, and why didn't I straight out admit it? I think a lot of people feel that way; I think they're entitled to feel that way. If it satisfies people to villainise me, then more power to them. I said to this guy: "What do you propose I do? Is there a better way to do this?" He said: "Why not just publish the text for academics?" I told him I couldn't care less about the academic community – I'm interested in the readers of the magazines having an opportunity to understand the magazines.'

What are the alternatives?

'Do I *not* publish? I mean, the text is there. Some of my friends have taken 13 years to read the text to *Pin-up,* but then they do, and they come up to me and they say: "I didn't know that!" That's what you write a non-fiction book for.

'And we aren't even talking about the "history" of the magazines. All the fake men's magazines before *Playboy* came along to say: "This is about sexuality". It was 110 years before these images were made available to the general public. There were things I found, like something that many people suspected but couldn't be sure of. Like, the "art photography" magazines *were* phoney, the "nudist" magazines were phoney (the ones that weren't you wouldn't have been able to find on your newsstand, anyway). So by and large the popular magazines were phoney.

'I got a lot of satisfaction from doing that research. I love going back; I love tracing things, tracing trends and patterns. There's nothing quite so thrilling to a popular historian than to be able to say, for example, I think I can separate sexual images into two sorts, clean sex and dirty sex – which translates these days into the "classy, sophisticated" mags (or pseudo-classy, pseudo-sophisticated), and the tacky, sleazy ones, like *Hustler.*'

Then, like all good interviewees, Gabor begins to ask me questions. What he wants to know is why, per capita, more Americans buy men's magazines than the British.

'Why is there relatively more interest in the girlie magazines in the US? Is it because the British are getting off some other way? Is it because they don't have the *need?* Do the British have less need to fantasize about sex? Are they more reserved?'

Making Passes

Maybe we are more reserved when it comes to buying the magazines – like the scene from Annie Hall *where Woody Allen tries to buy a porn magazine, and only does it by buying two or three dozen other magazines to go with it.*

'I'd still like to know about the male British sexual sensibility. I've talked to friends about the way men make passes, and it's very different over here. For instance, I have a friend in publishing over here, and I spoke to his girlfriend about the first time he made a pass. She said: "Well, we went out for dinner, we talked about publishing, politics and business. He brought me home, asked to come up for a nightcap, came up, we talked about intellectual matters, and then he *leapt* on me!" There was no gap between the non-personal conversation and the *very* personal act.

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would be considered very neurotic. Someone having dinner with a girl would begin to talk about personal things, begin to establish the availability of the girl, and you'd try to pick up clues verbally. You've heard the expression "Your place or mine?" *That's* what I'm talking about as an example of sensibility. Am I insulting you?'

No, of course not, but maybe the British just feel more comfortable doing it than talking about it?

'In that case, do you think a British man would prefer to look at hardcore pictures than at average-strength ones, if they were available?'

I doubt it. I don't know.

'It all comes back to clean sex and dirty sex. Hefner's Playmates are descendants of the Gibson Girl and the Vargas Girl, attractive drawings. So *Playboy* gives the clean girls to the public, while Larry Flynt gives dirty, sleazy, cesspool humour – have you ever seen *Hustler*?'

Only once.

'What did you think of the cartoons?'

I laughed, but I felt slightly squirmy.

'Good! My analysis is the same. You can't help laughing, but you are wincing at the same time. Because they always go a *bit* too far. *Hustler's* a very interesting magazine – you don't have it over here. They'll say: "This is a sleaze mag – relax and smell the real smell of sex. Get sweaty. Get your fingers dirty".

'I spoke to Althea Flynt, the co-publisher. Her magazine was a religion to her. She told me: "I want to get *hotter!* People keep saying we retouch vaginal areas to make them this bright, bright pink. We do *not* retouch those areas! What we do is take those girls, put them in the sun with their legs spread so they get slightly sunburnt, then we douse them with ice-cold water, and then we tell the girls to jack off. And the girls just love it. I never saw girls so enjoy jacking off in my life!"

'This is all on the tape. I cleaned it up when I put it in the book. She said: "We want to break *all* the taboos. We don't accept advertising because we don't want to have to bend to the demands of advertisers". It's bullshit, of course. The real story is that no advertisers will go near them. They won't *get* cigarettes, cars, alcohol.'

Explicit

We talk a little about *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, in none too flattering terms for Messrs Hefner and Guccione. We talk about the 'hair-splitting' differences between the magazines. And, talking of hair-splitting, would Mr Gabor care to tell Club readers what direction *he* sees the future of men's magazines going in?

'Multiple people. I think they'll be focusing on relationships. I think that there'll be a leaning towards straight relationships, alternative-style relationships, things like that. They aren't going to get more explicit – I think the gynaecological peak has been reached, and people aren't interested. Perhaps it'll regress. I mean, once you've got into the woman's crotch you can't go any further – you have to expand.'

One last question. Although there is a long tradition of magazines for men about women, and they are abundant, why have 'boychick' magazines never caught on? Playgirl *was the only real attempt, and even that has never really taken off?*

'Well *Playgirl,* if it's anything, is *gay* – they don't want it to be, but it is. I have a lot of trivial answers, but I think the one main answer would be that there are men's magazines because the audience for them has been built up for many generations over 150 years, and man grows up conditioned to regard pictures as a legitimate form – a semi-shady form, but an attractive form – of sexual stimulation. This has never been the case with women, because men have been the publishers and men have controlled men. It's never been the case with women, meaning that women are not so conditioned to look at men's pictures that way.

Women Get Hot

'I don't doubt for a moment that women have the same imagination, or the same anatomical capacity for getting hot. When you're in a real-sex situation, the woman clearly gets just as hot as the man, so it's clearly a question of what goes on in the thought processes.

'Since the feminist movement there's been a kind of double-response to the male magazines; the feminist advocacy of: "It's demeaning to women and reduces women to two-dimensional creatures who are being exploited! They are exploiting us on the pages!"

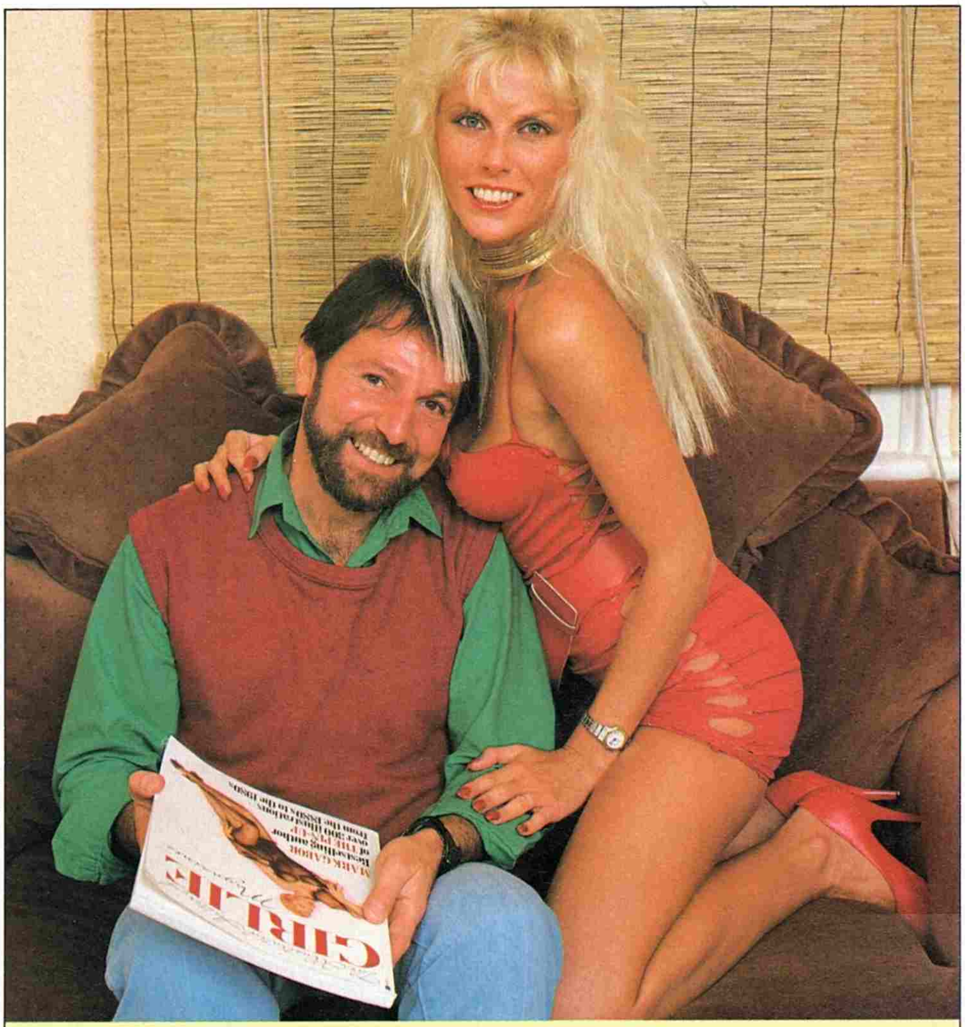
'While, on the other side, are the women who simply don't *care* any more about the so-called higher consciousness that goes with feminism, and those are women who are trying to establish an aggressive sexuality of their own. So there's the mud-wrestling, the wet T-shirt contests, the sex clubs, the male strippers – and these women want to make it an equal thing.

'That's the full answer. And that's why there aren't "Boychick" mags. It's only happening on the experimental level of sex clubs and sexual activities. That's the best I can come up with. But I talk to people about it all the time – I think *Playgirl* simply did something wrong, because there's enough support to keep a magazine rolling.

'Sure, women giggle about it, but all you need to do is extrapolate from real life. Hasn't a woman ever looked at you and said: "I like your body; I like the way it feels, I like your skin, I like your buns"? I think it's an impulse that needs cultivation. But it'll come.'

And with that, we set off to find a newsagent, in order for Mark Gabor to take a look at the British product, and decide what he thought of it.

Eventually, in Covent Garden, we found one with an almost complete stock of current men's magazines. He didn't seem to mind our browsing, either. He was not impressed by the British mags, considering them five to ten years behind America, and feeling that most of them were pretty naff.



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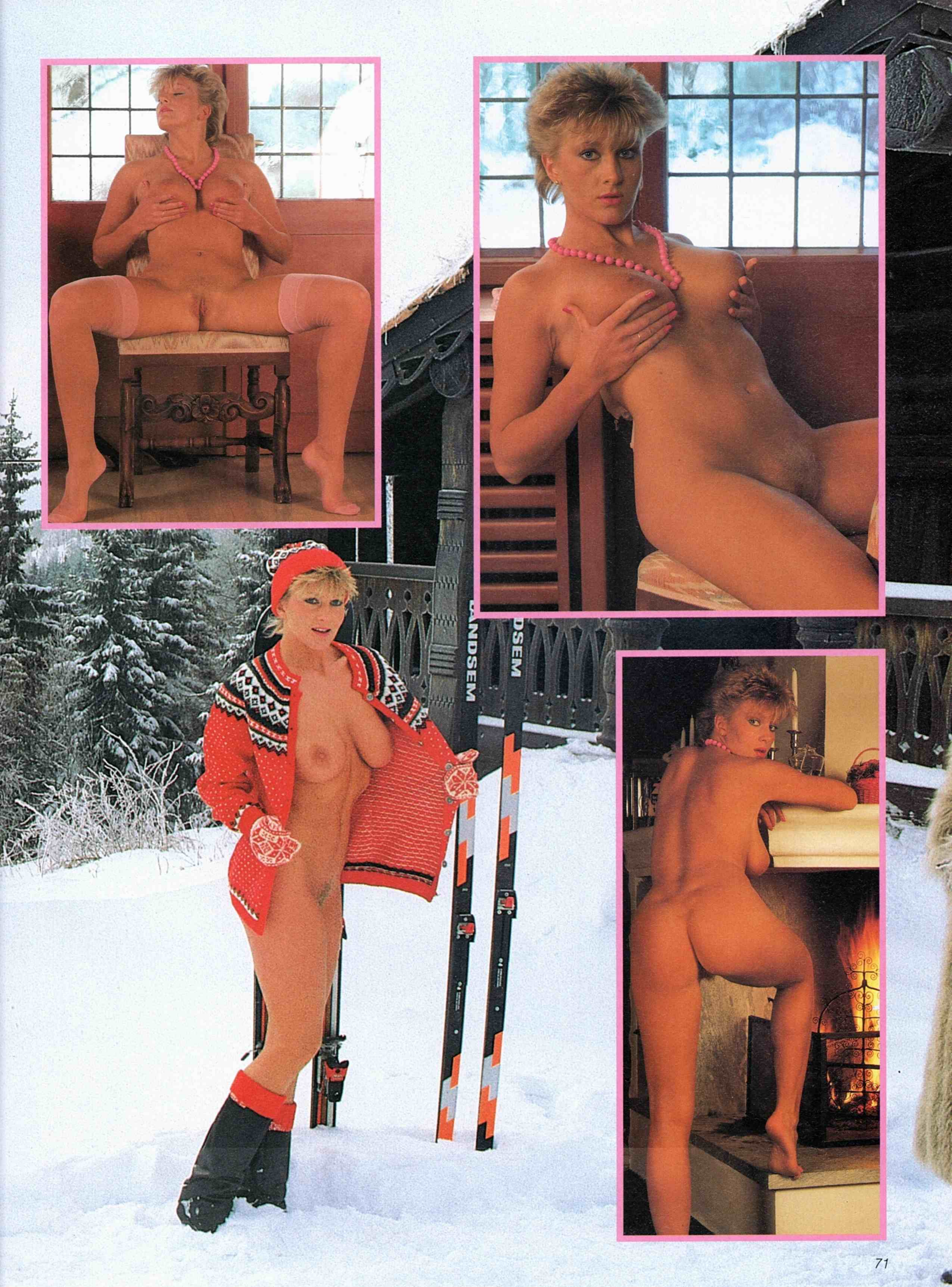
Marcia

Photographs by Robert Lorraine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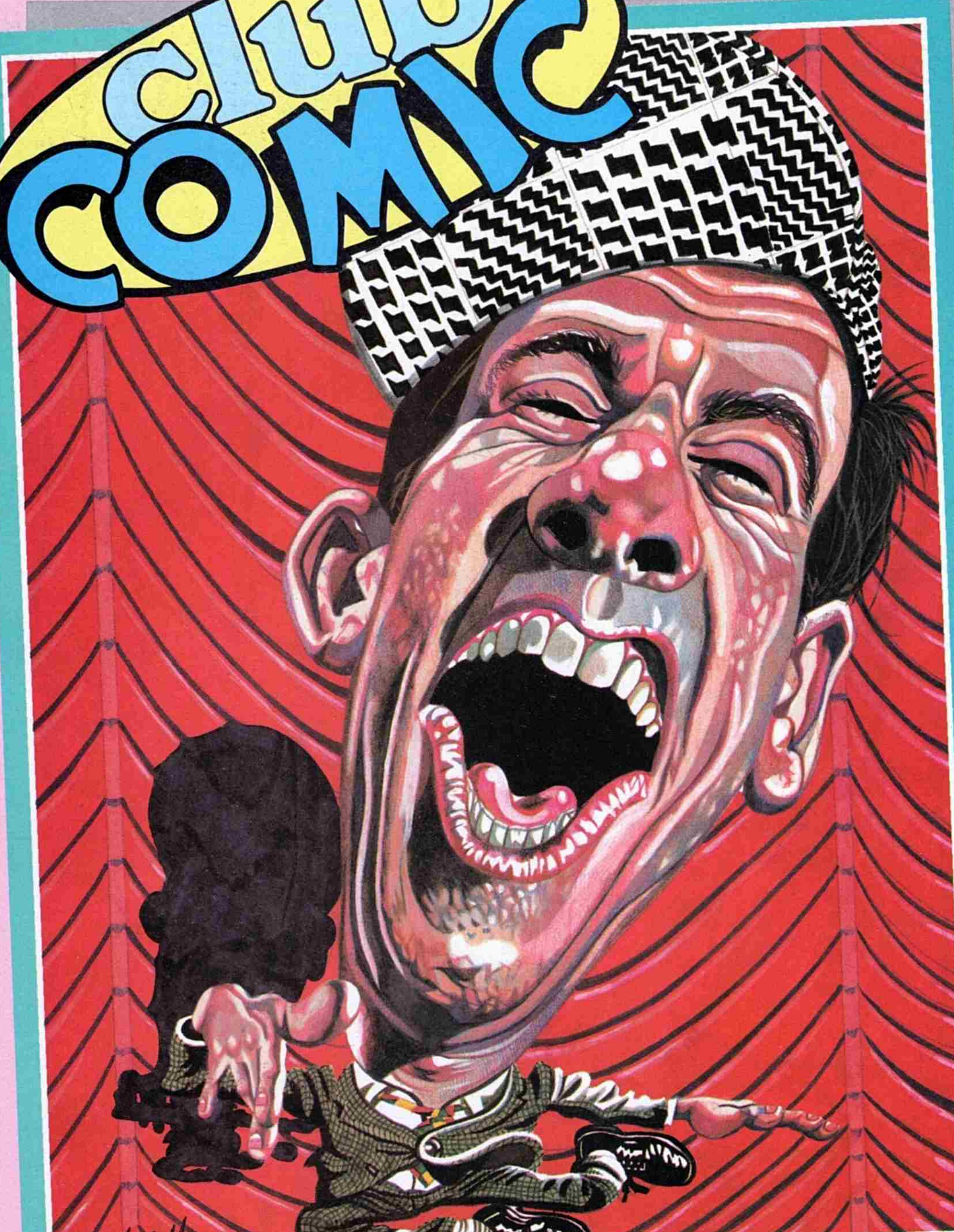

Brian O'Hanlon drops in on

NORMAN WISDOM

Outside the *Assembly Hall* at Worthing, Sussex, on a cold, drizzly Friday night in September, a queue is already forming at six o'clock. The doors are not due to open until seven. No, it's not *The Sound Of Music* making its millionth reappearance to delight the senior citizenry of this seaside town, but another poster: 'Billy Marsh presents the legendary NORMAN WISDOM'.

Norman, the Gump, the little man against authority and all odds, mixing pathos and slapstick. For the last 40 years, he's been fulfilling the spot left by Chaplin before him. But Norman made it big in London. True, he did go to Hollywood, but nothing happened. Until, that is, Bernard Delfont cabled him to come home and top the bill at the *Prince of Wales* theatre in the West End.

Norman's now 60, but really fit, with alert blue eyes that don't miss a trick. A non-smoking teetotaller; he's an achiever; pernickety past the point of fastidiousness when he needs to be.

A municipal auditorium has all the atmosphere of cold fish and chips curling at the edges under a British Rail buffet counter. It's 90 minutes to curtain and all sorts of people seem to be in charge. 'There he is. There's Norman!' says the Pooh Bah of the resident technicians. And so it is. The face perhaps a little craggier than when we last met 25 years ago; but the style, the sparkle, the river of laughter running through his normal speaking voice are all there.

'Let's have a nice cup of tea,' says Norman, in front of the bar, before I have time to say pint. 'Ah, and a plate of sandwiches?'

Mischief

We sit in the caff – Norman, Marion (his assistant) and me. 'Go ahead. Ask what you like. You know most of it anyway,' he says, eyes aglow with mischief, knowing full well I have bloody forgotten. Oh, and that's another thing about him. He doesn't swear. That's something I *do* remember from my days in the old publicity department of the long gone *Empress Hall* at Earl's Court over 30 years ago when Norman Wisdom co-starred with ice queen Belita in *London Melody*, the Festival of London show of 1951.

'Belita; great performer . . .' he muses. 'Kicked me in the back of the 'ead once with one of her skates . . . what's that? *Of course* she meant it!

'We've played other one-nighters on this tour – at Aylesbury, Henley, Peterborough, Lowestoft, Stockton, and Derby,' says Norman, reading from the neat hand-written list Marion has placed in front of him. 'What is it today? It's the 14th? We started on the first. We've done 12 different places. I can't remember them all. You just get in the coach with yourself, Marion, the acts, the musicians, the stuff, and off you go again.

'No, don't say Tony Fayne is my *straight man*. You're not allowed to say that any more. It's *stage partner* now. Not 'arf! If you called him a *feed* you'd get chucked out the theatre – and *stooge*, you'd get murdered!

'What am I doing in February when this story comes out?' I'm having a birthday. I usually do. That's all, these days. I've got a place in the Isle of Man, although my residence is in Epsom, so I'm not doing the tax dodge bit. I'm hoping to do just things that interest me. I don't want to do seasons any more. I was going onstage at 11.30 at night in Sydney, Australia, and I thought to myself: "I must be mad. What's it all about? I've got a lovely home. It's my 40th year in show business . . ."

'To be truthful, it's a continuation of the ego prompting you to do so much. And we've all got egos, otherwise we certainly wouldn't be on the stage. But there comes a time when I say to hell with it. I just want to play golf. Or my motor bike or car; I've got a Toyota special – a lovely sports car – and I've got a Rolls as well. You don't mind me saying that, do you?'

I shake my head. There is no problem about Norman admitting to a Roller in this egalitarian age.

Norman began clowning in the Army. 'I was a boy in the band when I was 14, with the 10th Hussars. And I remember my rank: *Private*, all the time. I was a boy trumpeter, and bandsman, but never anything with a tape on one arm. Because I was small, there were a couple of occasions when I got bullied: a couple of whackings. I didn't fancy that, so I went in for boxing. I was flyweight champion of the British Army in India for four years. I didn't get bullied any more because, even if they were bigger, I'd have a go.

'My first professional job was at 6.15 on December 17th, 1945. I had my demob money of about 20 quid. It wasn't a fortune; not even in those days. In the Army, I'd done a few hospital concerts and things like that, and an old actor told me I should turn professional. I went to the manager of *Collins Music Hall*, Islington, and told him I wanted to go on the stage. He asked me what I'd done, and I told him Army concerts. He said: "Oh don't be silly. They're closing theatres all over the country. There are *stars* coming out of the Army that can't get any work, and you want to make it your career!"

Shadow

'I became his shadow. If he was in the bar and lifted a pint of bitter to his mouth, I was under his arm. Eventually, he said: "Look: why don't you go on first house Monday, and if you're no good will you promise to go away and leave me alone?" So I did. I was so frightened, my knees were trembling. I was so nervous after that first house that I went out and did a three-mile run. But when I came back, nobody said I wasn't to go on again. They didn't praise me. They said nothing. So I just went on. I stayed the week, I got paid a fiver, and I got two other jobs.

'At that time I was onstage in a misfit evening dress with extra long tails, a football jersey, and my hair combed down the middle. It was 1948. I was at the *Spa* theatre, Scarborough, and a magician on the bill who was having difficulty getting material for his last act – you did different "business" every week there – asked me to help him out by coming up onstage out of the audience. His name was David Nixon! What a gentleman. I can't believe he's gone.

'Anyhow, I bought a suit from a scruffy second-hand shop on the edge of town for 30 shillings (£1.50), and a cap for a shilling (5p). It was so successful that we were given a London booking, and that's how The Gump began.

'I was then given my first television spot in *Rooftop Rendezvous*. Bill Lyon Show was the director. We were halfway through the rehearsal when he said: "Norman – sorry mate, but take that cap off. It's casting a shadow over your face". I protested that the cap was part of my uniform and people were beginning to know me. Eventually he gave in, but stipulated that I must do something different with the cap, like turning the peak *up*. I did, and the real Gump was born!

'He said I must do something different with the cap, like turning the peak ***up.*** *I did, and the real Gump was born . . . '*

'A couple of years later, Henry Hall and Claude Langdon of the *Empress Hall* came to see me in pantomime at Wolverhampton, and said they would like to have me at the *Empress Hall*. I was asked if I could skate. I told them yes, but I couldn't. I went to Birmingham every day learning how to skate. Eventually they asked to see me with skates on at the *Empress Hall*. I went around two or three times, and they said it would do. "Haven't skated for years", I lied. "But I'll soon pick it up again"!'

Norman Wisdom is a true clown – visually funny. His cheeky persistence has helped him over several fences in show business, as hard a course as any ever set at the Royal International Horse Show.

'I went to America and tried to get work. I did talent shows, but my money had gone in no time. Then I saw the Ed Sullivan Show, *The Toast Of The Town*. I went round to his agent who said: "*We* choose our artistes. *They* don't tell *us*"! So I went round to Ed Sullivan's apartment in the Del Monico hotel in Park Avenue, knocked on the door, and told his butler I had an appointment. Sullivan appeared in a dressing gown, looking puzzled. "I'm gatecrashing", I told him, explaining the purpose for my visit.

'He sat in a chair in the corner of his tiny hall and asked me to show him what I could do. I went through the lot: falls, singing, jokes, for about five minutes non-stop. He stood up at the end and said: "I admire your initiative, but I don't do that sort of thing in my show. But I wanna wish you luck".

'Back in England again at the *Empress Hall* in *Sinbad The Sailor On Ice*, Lew Grade was out front one night and asked to see me: "A man I came in with last night has his own show in America. His name's Ed Sullivan. He wants you to go on it", he said.

'I went over, did the Ed Sullivan show, and reminded Ed of our first meeting. "Jesus Christ", he said. "Now I get it". And he invited me on again a second time.

Film Test

'I went to Hollywood to do a film test, and when I got there nobody knew anything about it. I met Bing Crosby and Bob Hope. Billy, my agent, and I went round the studios, but nothing. We met a man called Mr Littlejohn who had an enormous office. Billy sat on the right of his desk, and I sat on the left. Littlejohn turned to Billy and said: "We think you're a very funny man . . ."

'"Well," I interrupted. "My artiste is going to be very expensive".

'We went into a photographer's shop and dressed a set up to look like a film studio, even to the extent of hiring a well-endowed bubbly blonde. We sent pictures back home together with a "story". *Norman Goes Big In Hollywood*, and followed that up by another: *Norman Says No To Hollywood.*

'The publicity was so great here that Bernard Delfont sent for me and asked me to star in *Paris To Piccadilly* at the *Prince of Wales* theatre, which ran for 18 months.

'The cheekiest thing I ever did – even for me – was in that show. The director was Dickie Hurran. It was a Vaudeville show really, and when I reached the end of my act – this is in rehearsals – I didn't pack it in but started to sing. "*And when I told them how beautiful you are . . .*".

"Norman, Norman, Norman! What's all this?" said Dickie. "I can get singers two a penny". I then picked up the clarinet and started to play it. "Norman, Norman, Norman!" said Dickie again. "I can get musicians two a penny."

'I said: "I think you've picked the wrong fellow to star in this show because if I don't play the clarinet and sing, after having a cup of tea, which is where I am going now, that's it!"

'When I came back, Bernard Delfont was there. He asked me to cut out the clarinet and singing but I told him no. "I know you're taking a chance on me", I said, "but I'm not taking a chance on killing the little bit of progress I've made this far". Anyhow, they then brought in the big chief of those days, Val Parnell himself, and I told him exactly the same. "All right", he said at last. "You win".

'I did, and when I came off stage after taking – may I be as bold as to say – numerous curtain calls, there was Dickie Hurran wiping my sweating brow.

'That's show business, isn't it?'

People start making 'let's go' gestures to Norman. It's lights and band call time. I must go. Before I do, Norman turns back to me and says: 'I'd like to do a situation comedy . . . that's one thing I've wanted to do that I haven't done yet!'

MY FAVOURITE GAG

Church Parade. Soldiers filing in to church on a Sunday morning, with their Sergeant Major bringing up the rear. All is hush and reverence. Just then, the RSM spots a man in the front pew sitting there, eyes front, *with his cap still on*. It is too much. The RSM, mindful of where he is, tries to draw the recruit's attention by a series of threatening grunts. Nothing happens.

The rookie sits, eyes glued to the front, awaiting the service to begin. Finally, the RSM is quite overcome, and in desperation pleads: 'YOU . . . Hey, *you*, IN THE FRONT ROW. Yes, *you!* Take your 'at off in the 'Ouse of the Lord . . . prat!'

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF... Casanova

Our new series of interviews with famous people (living, dead, fictitious, or just a trifle kinky) kicks off this month with a profile of one of Italy's most popular citizens – Giacomo Casanova: man of letters, alchemist, architect, philanthropist, philatelist and dirty old man . . .

'I awake me as the cock crows, and ponder on the possibility of preparing a fine, fowl dinner this eventide. I distinctly remember setting the alarm cock for seven-thirty; but here it is, going off again at six.

'After a moment's perusal of the fine and shapely elbows that have been besticking themselves up my nose all night (and thus mightily disturbing my sleep) I recall that they belong to the operatic singer, Madame Carmen McCavity, with whom I spent an evening of amorous dalliance. It was an experience of unparalleled wantonness. Together we besmeared ourselves with whipped cream and almonds, raisins and Cadbury's creme eggs, then proceeded to lick every delightful morsel from the nooks and crannies of our passionate, throbbing bodies.

'Then we took off all our clothes (which were by now, alas, sadly bestickied) and humped like billy-o for nigh on 11 minutes.

'I find I have particular cause to remember this *amour* because it is the first time that I have ever had sex in position 83(b) with a coloratura soprano, whose name begins with a C, in the city of Verona, on a rainy Thursday in March or July of an odd-numbered year.

'Bethinking myself in need of a meagre breakfast, and bearing in mind that this tasty wench doubtless is as at home in the kitchen as she is on the stage or in the lists of Venus, I gently suggest to her that she disport herself in the kitchen, while I adjust my peruke (not a misprint, but an 18th Century wig). Having made a pleasing repast, I point out, we can then disport ourselves once more at the twice-backed sport with which we had wiled away almost 11 minutes the evening before.

'As I begin to elaborate upon the subject of how many boiled plover's eggs I would like, or the correct amount of powdered unicorn's horn to Ovaltine one needs to produce an infallible aphrodisiac, she snorted: "Naff off, prannet! Haven't you ever heard of feminism? Crawl into the kitchen and make your own breakfast, get your prick out of my ear, and give me my wig back. I'm late for rehearsals and bloody Mozart'll *kill* me!"

'And with that, she delivers a swift blow to my peruke.

'Then we took off all our clothes and humped like billy-o for nigh on 11 minutes . . .'

'Undaunted – she had, luckily, struck the family bible I always keep next to my Staff of Life – I go down to the kitchen to prepare a light breakfast of eggs, bacon, kippers, a suckling pig, kedgeree, a flagon of wine, muesli, orange juice, jelly doughnuts, a boiled ham, a dozen oysters, and Special K. I muse upon the carnal entertainments of last night, and ponder what excitement this day holds in store.

'I hie me to Baden-Baden on ye mail coach, cursing the git sat next to me wearing a Sony Walkman. The throbbing, ponderous bass lines of Led Zeppelin put me in mind of the time I was ravished repeatedly by the 40-stone Contessa Trixie of Pirelli-Callendar.

Stimulating

'At Baden-Baden, I have a scheduled assignation with Marchioness Zöe of Bad Gasswasser, a 19-year-old minx who has recently married an 80-year-old clot. She sounds like my kind of girl. After exchanging courteous pleasantries, we find ourselves in a convenient stable, thrubbing away like rhinoceroses for the entertainment and amusement of milady's startled horses. I am introduced to the stimulating pastime, evidently popular in Bad Gasswasser, of armpit nuzzling.

'"Do thee always toss your cookies after sex?" Zöe inquired delicately as she grunted painfully into her 15 corsets, 18 petticoats and five wigs. Bethinking me not of a suitably courteous answer, I suggest that we remove ourselves to a nearby tavern, Der Alterchunderhäus.

'Once within the picturesque walls of this unspoiled hostelry, and while Zöe plays Bach on the video juke box, I order an insubstantial brunch of dead horse stuffed with tomatoes, a side salad and jumbo fries. Unable to contain my unbounded delight at the spectacle of Zöe's jiggling fore and nether parts as she disco-dances, I begin to regale five brawny Hussars with a detailed account of my recent adventure, giving especial prominence to an accurate description of the magnificence, sturdiness and productivity of my organ of amativeness.

'Returning from the powder room, Zöe finds me in the charming company of the quarter-score of Schwarzenegger-physiqued Germans.

'"Ahh", she chirps cheerily, much as she is wont to do in the height of her enthusiasm for the gentle art of plesiosaur-plonking. "So you've met my husband Fritz, and my brothers Heinz, Kleinz, Gotz, and Gitz".

'I feel that I have been propelled into profound excrement.

'"You piece of rancid *knackwurst*", spat Fritz, drawing his trusty blade and placing it against my brave but trembling throat. Nobody scrunches my wife and fails to invite me to watch!"

'"And me!" said Heinz.

'"And I!" said Kleinz.

'"Me too!" said Gotz.

'"Yeah, and me as well!" said Gitz as they ritually slapped me across the face.

'Controlling my quivering bowels, I managed to refrain from beshitting me satin drawers. These gallants have a reputation for their prowess on the duelling field that almost exceeds mine in the schtupping chamber. Thanks to their flawless swordsmanship and deeply-ingrained sense of foul play, and the fact that I have recently sprained the little finger of my sword hand in the pursuit of a practice too embarrassing to record even here, I feel it would be most inadvisable to wager on me in a conflict of arms.

'Nevertheless, my honour demands that I face up to them, and arranging seconds for a meet behind the bicycle sheds at sundown, I determine to do my best to do or die as befits an Italian gentleman. But, at the last minute, I bottle out and head for the coach station where I book me a one-way ticket to London.

'I arrive me at Gatwick, and promptly take up with an English lady of well-known attributes, Lady Cilla of Weston Zoyland. Entranced by the promising swell of her extremely large, ripe, full, pomegranate-shaped money bags, I begin to pay ardent court to this aristocratic beauty.

Heavy Petting

'No sooner has she uttered those unspeakably romantic words: "Fancy a knee-trembler behind the gasworks, Johnny?" than I am completely smitten. We immediately repair to her spacious estates for a merry hour or two of heavy petting, messy slobbering, energetic snogging, and generally sexy stuff.

'A ribald orgy develops as we are joined in our genital exercises by the maid, the butler, the groom, identical twin stable boys, the travelling salesman, the Prime Minister's lewd daughter, the Bishop of Bath, my grandmother, the bionic woman, some devilled kidneys, a roast suckling pig, a Boston cream pie, three steaming cups of Ovaltine, Hawk the chimney sweep, and sundry others.

'Although many envy my lifestyle, I must confess that I hate the way my irresistible baser instincts force me to live – pursued by angry husbands, pestered by old girlfriends, laughed at in the streets, looked down on by aristocratic patrons and chemist shop attendants, joked about in taverns, shat on by horses, and never getting any sleep.

'However, I take comfort in the fact that posterity will undoubtedly ignore my passing reputation as a reprehensible libertine and remember me solely as the man who invented the drawing pin.'

Neil Gaiman

BIKING IN THE BUFF

Photographs by Dave Antony

Just in case you didn't know, Club International models are only human, and need holidays every bit as much as the next woman. At least, that's what I tried to tell the Ed. 'You can have your holiday,' he said, 'provided you do a *Club Biker* while you're away.'

One busman's holiday coming up – and in more than one sense. You see, my holiday destination happened to be a sun-kissed nudist resort in the south of France, where I'd *definitely* feel at home! Sixty thousand naked bodies – can you imagine it?

So when I arrived at Cap d'Agde, I remembered what the Ed had said, and eagerly looked out for all the throbbing machines. They were there, all right – in all shapes, sizes and colours. Plenty of nice bikes, too.

But I'd have to do some sussing out to see what scoot *I* could get hold of. I made some enquiries at the block of apartments where I was staying, but the attendant's English wasn't too hot, and my French was even worse.

Funny Looks

Standing with my legs apart in a semi-hunched position, going 'Vroom! Vroom!' and holding on to imaginary handlebars, only served to get me lots of funny looks, so I decided to leave it out and have an early night. I fell asleep dreaming of throbbing machines . . .

The following morning, I had to remember *not* to put any clothes on. I went off to meet up with Dave, the photographer, who had just arrived. I also had to try very hard to stop staring at the well-hung blokes, who were all wearing nothing except a tan.

After much detective work (and some more 'vroom vroom' impersonations), Dave and I were given the address of a guy who would probably be happy to lend us his bike. I started to get excited at the prospect of getting my leg over a nice bike: the weather was ideal for a blast along the coast.

We soon found our destination, which was a pretty flash-looking villa. I started drooling over the prospect of having a go on a Kawasaki 900, or maybe a Honda VF1000. If I was lucky, it might be a 750 Suzuki GSX-R. Or a 350 Yamaha would be nice.

We saw two lads sunbathing in the garden, so we went and introduced ourselves. Luckily, they spoke quite good English, so we explained what we were about. They were keen to help.

I held my breath while the lads opened the garage door. And there it was in all its glory . . . a Puch kiddies' fun bike, looking distinctly second-hand.

Astounded

Well, at least it was – well, different, so Dave and I hurriedly decided we'd go for it. Its owners were astounded that we wanted to take pictures of their bike for a magazine like Club International – so much so, they wanted to come along and watch. Well, I couldn't really see the point, to be honest, because I was already stand-

ing stark naked in front of them! We managed to persuade them it wouldn't be all that exciting, really, and set off for the beach to take some piccies.

The tiny Puch was barely big enough for me, never mind Dave, so he just had to try to keep up by running alongside. We went to what we thought was a quiet spot, but soon found out there *are* no quiet spots in a 60,000-strong nudist colony. And that can prove awkward, because naturists are very particular about cameras: a guy I met out there had the film ripped from his camera by an irate Frenchman (when I tell you he wasn't the biggest chap I've ever seen, maybe that helps you to understand why!).

I tried to ride the 50cc Puch over the sand, but it just didn't have the guts, and only succeeded in sinking further and further in. It was so light, though, I could easily push and carry it to the spot for the pictures. The 90-degree temperature made it hot work, however, and I was soaked through with sweat to the skin. Come to think of it, there *was* only skin.

Bare Bums

Anyway, we started to take some pictures, despite the large audience which had built up, including several eager amateur photographers who were merrily snapping away and just getting in the bloody way. Needless to say, Dave and I decided to move on.

But that's not as easy as it sounds – I nearly broke a leg trying to kick start the Puch, and it was a relief when it eventually phut-phutted into life. To be fair to the bike, it was rather on the old side.

But when it did get going, the Puch was actually quite good fun. It was as easy to ride as a push bike, and just the right size for zipping between the thousands of bare bums clogging the roads. It could be quite a distraction if you saw a nice one (bum, that is), and there were more than enough of them to keep members of both sexes very happy.

We eventually found a nice location down by the quayside, which was absolutely idyllic. And what a marvellous feeling to be able to soak up the sun in the nude without fear of ending up in the back of a Panda car. Much more civilized. We managed to take the pictures without any further interruptions.

Although there were certainly some cracking bikes to be seen, most of the locals run around on little mopeds or scooters. But the most daring they can go is half-naked, because you're not allowed to go nude outside the resort itself. There wasn't a single crash helmet to be seen, either – at least not on the smaller bikes.

Imagination

At the end of the day, I took the Puch back to its owners. I was quite sorry to see it go, really, because it would have been nice to have had it for the rest of the holiday. I wasn't too upset, though, because there *are* other things you can do with 60,000 fellow naturists for company.

But I'll leave that to your imagination. *Dawn Beaven*

PUCH

PUCH

PUCH

PUCH

WOMEN'S Writes

Our women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests.

Jane pays a visit to the dentist and gets a filling she didn't expect...

I am 20 years old and live a fairly unremarkable, though very happy-go-lucky life, working in a small factory. I understand I am reasonably attractive with a figure which, thank goodness, keeps itself in trim without the need for diets and so on, although I do run regularly. I drink, but not excessively, and only very occasionally do I get drunk. I smoke, but only about 20 a week.

I am not a virgin, but on the other hand, I am far from being sexually experienced. My shyness has always stood in the way of having boyfriends – I've only ever had one boyfriend, and he and I had a short-lived sex life. Otherwise, I have not had sexual experiences other than the one I am relating here.

One evening I was at a barbeque with two girlfriends when we met two blokes who knew one of my friends. We chatted for a while and one of them, Michael, told me he was a dentist. 'Oh,' I said. 'That makes me feel dead guilty, because I haven't been to the dentist for about four years and I do get toothache occasionally.'

'Book an appointment at my surgery,' Michael laughed. 'I'm very gentle, you know!'

That was about the end of the conversation, and I didn't see Michael again that night. I remember being amazed at how young and *normal* he looked. He was slim with shortish blond hair, blue eyes and a young, fun-loving sort of face.

Next day, I booked an appointment and turned up on the appointed day at the surgery, which was in a terraced Victorian house in town. I didn't have to wait very long in the waiting room and, when I went into the treatment room, Michael smiled at me and we had a little chat about the barbeque.

From the waist down, my body was enveloped in sheer sexuality

I lay back with my mouth wide open, watching his clear blue eyes narrowing in concentration as he systematically probed and scraped. After he'd finished, Michael said: 'Well, that's not bad at all. You need a medium-sized filling at the top and a bit of a polish, and that should do it.' Speaking to the nurse, he said: 'Can you fix an appointment for Jane, please?' She offered me one in two weeks' time, but I was going away on holiday then.

'Well, look,' said Michael. 'I don't want you having toothache on holiday. As it's you, Jane, I'll do it in my own time. What about Sunday?' Sounded great to me, so I arranged to see him on the Sunday morning.

On Sunday, despite my earlier confidence, I approached Michael's surgery/home (he has a flat above the surgery) with dozens of butterflies in my tummy. I walked to his door, banged hard, and he appeared within seconds.

He led me straight to the surgery. When I'd settled on the couch, all my nerves had vanished, but I found my cunt was moist with excitement.

He set to work. As the drill shrieked and the vibration ran through my head, I just lay back and looked at his eyes. Seeing that they were so concentrated on his work, I allowed my hands to move over my jeans and press lightly on my fanny. I gave a little rub and closed my eyes at the intensity of the pleasure. And still he drilled away.

Suddenly, he stopped and withdrew the drill. 'Have a swill, Jane.' I jarred myself back to reality, sat up and swilled my mouth out with the blue liquid. Then I lay back again.

Getting Bigger

I glanced at his jeans. He had a bulge which was getting bigger all the time. Again, I made sure he was concentrating on the task in hand, then – ever so quietly and discreetly – I touched myself through my jeans again.

Michael was having a really good dig into my tooth by now, and I was loving it. I rubbed so I could feel the pressure on my clit. Then, involuntarily, I gasped with instantaneous pleasure. At that, Michael's eyes flicked up and caught sight of my hand over my fanny. God, how embarrassing!

Then he did a most unbelievable thing: he put aside his dental instruments, reached down to my jeans button, undid it and unzipped my flies. Then he slipped his right hand inside my pants and used his finger to massage my clit.

All the time, he kept those blue eyes and serious face on me, as if he were still administering dentistry. I have never been so excited. I felt like I was pumping out juices from my fanny. He slipped his finger far up into me, and I yelled in pleasure.

I remember thinking, lying back in such an appropriately vulnerable position: 'Christ – I don't believe this is happening. But it is, so I must DO something!' I reached for Michael's zip, undid it, and pushed his jeans to the floor. Still he massaged my cunt and, filled with pleasure, I pushed my hips upwards.

Then, with a jolt of reality, I withdrew slightly from my obsession with my own sexual desires and noticed the throbbing penis head peeping out of his underpants. I pulled his pants down and there it was!

Michael's cock stood big, dark-coloured and throbbing, the foreskin pulled tightly back over the great bulge of the head. His balls hung large and hairy below. I grabbed his cock in my right hand, closed my eyes, and again felt the full glory of his act of masturbation on me.

Then, for the first time since this began, he spoke. 'Open wide, Jane, and lean your head to your right. I'm going to put an instrument known as a penis into your mouth . . . and it won't hurt a bit.' The silence had been broken. I relaxed and smiled at his lovely face.

I opened my mouth, turned my face, and the dentist put his great big cock in my mouth. Thank God only the *top* of my mouth was numbed by the injection.

I closed over his big, hot dick and sucked it as deep into my throat as I could. I had never had oral sex before, but I had no doubts as to what to do. I moved back and forth, back and forth, my right hand alternately pinching his penis base and squeezing gently on his balls.

Michael was leaning over me, still caressing my cunt with his fingers. He had three fingers up, I think. I closed my eyes and could not believe the ecstasy which was overcoming little, innocent Jane. Then I came, and as I did so – in fact, whether I came momentarily before or after him, I really don't know – he pumped his thick, hot semen into my mouth.

Words cannot do justice to what it was like. From the waist down, my body was enveloped in sheer sexuality: juices everywhere, an erotic feeling in every muscle.

And Michael's cock was like a pump. It just kept on and on, stroke after stroke, squirt after squirt of spunk being forced into my mouth, mostly running down my throat. I swallowed until I had taken it all.

When it was over, he sat in his chair and I lay back, eyes closed. I guess we said nothing for five minutes. Eventually, I said: 'I hope that, as long as I have you as my dentist, I have bloody awful teeth.' We smiled at each other, and made ourselves decent.

'Open wide, Jane.' He was at it again! But it wasn't a penis; it was a suction tube. 'Now for the filling.' I lay back, studied his concentration, his blue eyes and fair hair, and thought about that big, red penis of his. Instantly, I felt horny again.

Pulled Down

At that point, I was so forward, I can now hardly believe it! I reached out and undid his jeans again. His pants were pulled down. His cock was hanging, but moving slightly. 'Sit up, Jane,' he commanded. I did. He reached for my T-shirt and slid it off over my head. Then he undid my bra and I lay back in the chair. He cupped my right breast and kissed and sucked the nipple. My breast and nipples were firm and pointing straight up at the array of dental contraptions hanging from the ceiling.

He went round to the foot of the chair, undid my shoes and socks, and pulled off my jeans and pants. In no time, he, too, stripped completely, and there stood the dentist – cock standing huge, proud and throbbing; and the patient – cunt streaming, tits firm, a screw clamp in her mouth.

I thought he would remove the clamp, but he didn't. He just got on top of me and pushed his fat penis into my wide-open, gurgling fanny. Then he fucked me – and what a fuck it was!

At one time, he even worked my clit with his fingers as he thrust into my cunt with his knob. Unbelievably, we came together and we must have thrashed around on the confines of that dentist's chair for a whole minute of intense orgasm.

Afterwards, we put our clothes on and he removed the screw clamp from my mouth. I thanked him for a most pleasurable trip to the dentist's, and he told me I had been an excellent patient. He said: 'Have a good holiday, and make an appointment for a further check-up in six months' time.'

'You bet!' I replied. We smiled, kissed and I left.

On the dashboard of my car, a half-smoked cigarette reminded me of the nervousness I had felt beforehand. I smiled to myself, lit another cigarette, and drove off down the road.

Jane, Stratford

Stripper Jane tries out her new act and finds it has the same effect on her as it has on the punters . . .

For the last two years, I've been a pub stripper. It's been strictly a job – no thrills, no extras, no affairs, as I have a good husband in Ted.

Last Sunday, though, all this changed. I had a booking at a club outside Leeds and I had a taxi booked to pick me up. As I was leaving, Ted was packing his gear for a fishing day up in the Dales, so at least I wouldn't have to rush back and start cooking.

I'd worked out a new routine to Madonna's song, *Like A Virgin*. As soon as I started, I could see some of the blokes giving me those direct, animal stares that mean their brains have just dropped into their trousers. This audience was so appreciative, though, it was turning me on. My body almost seemed to be undressing itself with slow, slinky movements, while I glared hotly and meaningfully at one guy after another, in turn.

I came to the point where I had only my sheer, clingy silver bra and tiny pussy pouch to take off. Suddenly, I became hyper-aware of my body. My boobs felt really tight and tingled as they rubbed lightly against the lacy edges of my bra. My nipples seemed to be in the same state as some of the blokes in the audience, ie so rigid, they were about to explode.

As for my pussy, it was in imminent danger of giving the whole game away. I knew I'd melt into a wonderful moist mess if I took off the concealing wisp of nylon that hardly covered my quivering pussy entrance. I had to finish my act, though. I regained control long enough to unclip my bra and slip it off. It clung to my boobs for a second and I almost

My body almost seemed to be undressing itself with slow, slinky movements

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WOMEN'S Writes

came with the excitement. I threw it into the first row of tables and covered my boobs with my hands, grazing my straining nipples with my palms as I did so.

Another wave of frantic desire shot through me and my hands slid down of their own accord, caressing my flat stomach, working on until they covered my steaming slit and the piece of fabric that was now stuck to every inch of my crack by my slippery, sticky sex juices.

The record came to an end and I simply fled down the corridor and into the dressing room, where I ripped aside the transparent mushy nylon, ran my fingers over my sopping pubes and slid two fingers into my hungry, grasping pussy while I brushed my thumb on to my hard clit.

Relief and fulfilment were seconds away when I sensed a movement behind me.

'You really had 'em all going out there, didn't you?' commented a husky male voice – and I spun round to face the minicab driver. 'Nearly ready to go, luv?' he asked. I was aware he was breathing heavily and my eyes flicked to the bulge pushing at his trousers.

'I was really going myself,' I moaned. Then we both moved towards each other and kissed roughly as he grabbed my bum firmly and pulled me against him. I ground my pubic bone against him, wriggling away just long enough to undo his pants and pull out his eager prick. A sticky smear trickled from the tip as I squeezed it gently. He slipped his fingers between the cheeks of my bum, feeling my hot wetness – then I could stand it no longer. Moving forward slightly, I guided his burning rod through my tangle of damp, dark pubes and placed it at the edge of my wide-open, waiting, wanting cunt.

I eased myself down so he filled me slowly, pushing past the tight ring of muscles which tightened upon him. Then he started to move in me, lifting my bum on each stroke then dropping me down on to his prick as he plunged slowly into me.

Three or four increasingly urgent strokes had me screaming on the point of no return, and as the spasms of an explosive orgasm began to shoot through my body, I felt him harden even more as he pushed in still deeper. We came within a split second of each other, almost fighting as we struggled in the grips of each other's lust. We were both panting heavily.

I asked him to go and wait in the cab while I got myself together. He had to drop Viv, the other stripper, off before me and I swear his hands were shaking on the wheel as he drove. I honestly think I'd shocked him with my wanton behaviour as he hardly said a word to me all the way home, then he refused to accept my share of the fare. He wouldn't come in for a cup of tea, either. Pity, because Ted wasn't due back for ages. I'd just have to wait till he came back and swapped one rod for another before I could have seconds!

Jane, Bradford

Just as frustration is beginning to get to Geraldine, the spin dryer comes to the rescue . . .

I'd always poo-poohed the use of vibrators and other sex aids, maintaining that I got perfectly well turned on without them. It's true – I get hot, wet and open at the sight of a gorgeous male body, a whiff of fresh armpit, or the suspicion of a cock showing beneath a pair of tight trousers.

But, strangely, although I've always found fucking very easy and extremely delicious – in fact, men have sometimes complained my cunt gets *too* wet and slippery and they can't feel me enough – I've never had much success at wanking. So much so, I was starting to feel that something was wrong with me. I'd broached the subject with one or two girlfriends, and had found out not only what fingers they used where, but how often they did it, which quite surprised me. I'd followed all their instructions, but, though I'd found rubbing my clit and pushing my fingers in and out of my vagina was very stimulating, it always left me high and dry. I could rub and push for ages, but in the end nothing would happen and I'd find myself envying men, for whom the wanking process seemed much more straightforward.

I was made redundant recently, so I have a lot of time on my hands at home, while Bill, my husband, is out at work (we haven't any children). Funnily enough – perhaps because I was bored, or not using the energy I'd have normally used up during a day's office work – my thoughts kept turning to sex. I felt constantly randy and started greeting Bill with a kiss on the lips and a hand on the crotch, only to be pushed off and told to at least wait till after dinner.

Frustration

This had started to make me rather irritable. My constantly tingling hard nipples and the ache that was always in my cunt, making me tug my panties tight against my crack every five minutes in an attempt to ease it, was worrying me. How long would it be before I was tempted to start an affair? I didn't want to – Bill's a lovely man and a good husband – but I was going to have to do something or go out of my head with frustration.

I was thinking about it all one day in the kitchen as I transferred the washing to the spin dryer. My thoughts were straying to the muscular guy who I'd spotted mending his car further down the street. He'd been stripped to the waist, lying on an old sheet beneath the car and I'd been tempted to saunter past him with no panties on.

At that moment, I absently switched on the dryer and the machine began to hum and vibrate and suddenly it was as if a switch had been turned on in me, too. Every sexual terminal in my body was twitching and jumping with intense erotic sensation and I couldn't understand why . . . until I suddenly realized I was standing with the lower part of my body pressed against the machine, and my

I pressed down on it and gave myself up to the unbelievable things happening to me

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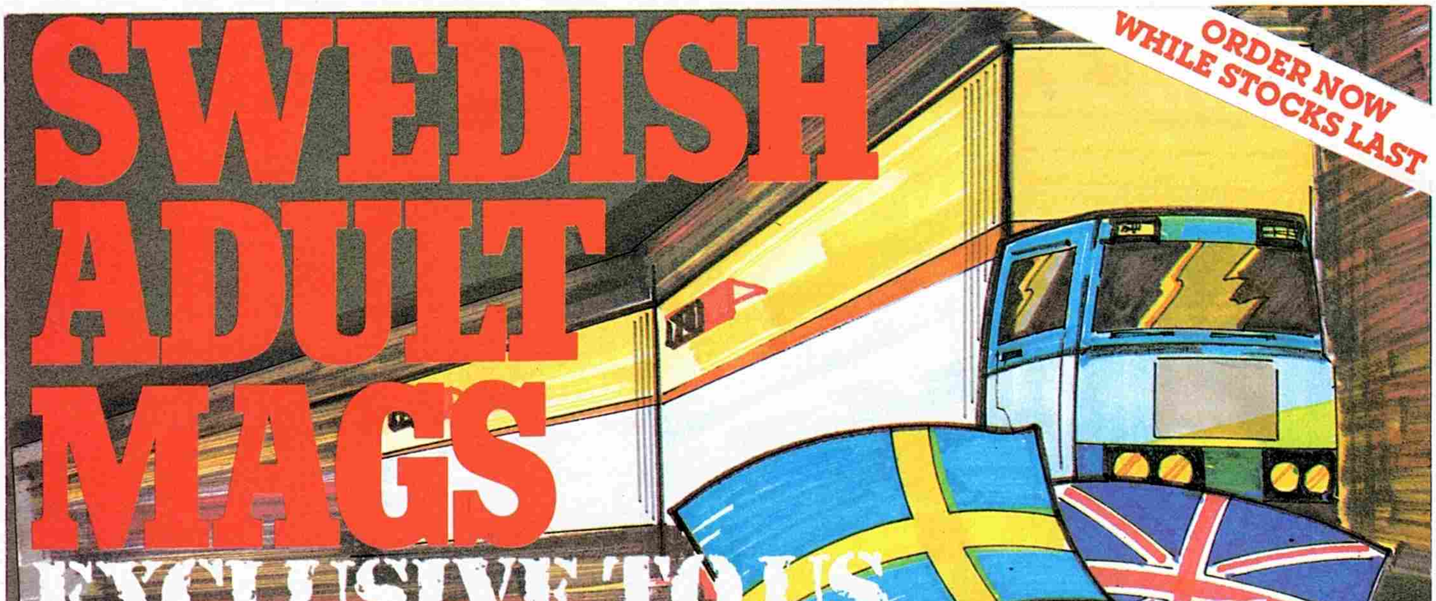
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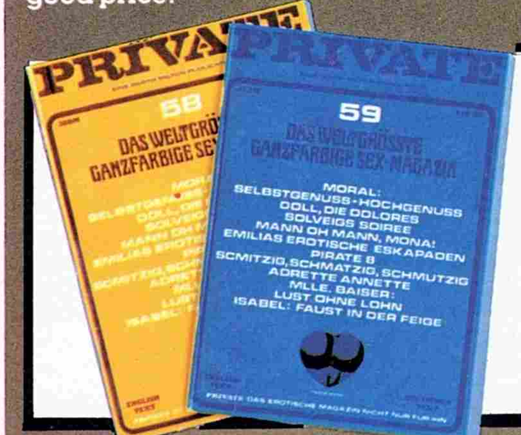

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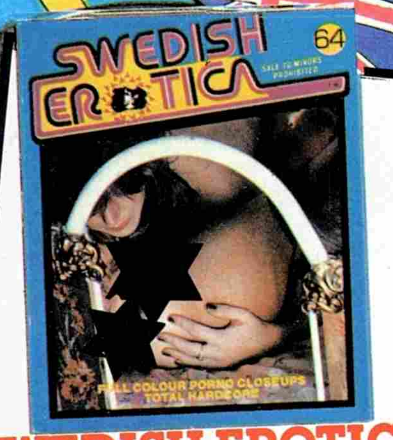

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WOMEN'S Writes

bush perched on the corner.

The sensation was so overpowering, I almost fainted. It was as if I was being fucked by about five men at the same time. So much juice was pouring out of my cunny that it had soaked right through both my panties and the front of my thin cotton skirt and was making a damp patch on the black plastic. Automatically, I shifted my body slightly and this time my clit made direct contact with the corner of the dryer, which was vibrating really fast.

I pressed down upon it and just gave myself up to the indescribable things which were happening to my body. I couldn't think; all I could do was feel. I opened my blouse, frantically pushed up my bra and cupped my breasts in my hands. I kneaded them in circular motions, twirling and squeezing my nipples between thumb and fingertip. I scarcely noticed I was doing it, my body was so abandoned.

A great heat was spreading inside me. I ground down on to the machine and could feel my cunt lips spreading wide on the cold plastic and metal as the corner of the dryer pressed them open. I'd do anything –*anything* – to get the vibration right up inside me. My body was arching and twisting, my breath panting and straining – and then a series of ripples started deep within me, my cunt muscles flexing and squeezing an invisible prick as my orgasm started happening.

My legs gave way and I slid on to the floor, my cunt numb with an overdose of sensation. I was almost sobbing, so good had my orgasm been. Now, everything in our house is always washed and pressed. My husband has commented on how diligently I wash his shirts – and on how much happier I seem lately. I just feel smug, knowing I'm using possibly the biggest vibrator in the country.

Geraldine, New Milton

Well-oiled Evelyn and her new boyfriend slip and slide their way to a memorable session . . .

I don't think of myself as being really promiscuous, because I don't need a procession of different men to fill my needs. I do love sex, though – endless and non-stop, if possible. Just one screw lasting for about half-an-hour before going to sleep isn't nearly enough for me. I like it to last and last, and get millions of orgasms before I finally pass out from over-exhaustion. Then I like to wake up in the morning (or even the middle of the night) and do it all over again.

The only problem with hours and hours of screwing – apart from finding a guy who's such a stallion he can keep it up for ages – is that the constant friction can make me quite sore if I'm not careful. I've often walked around bandy-legged for a couple of days after a real super-session.

Wicked Eyes

Recently, I got a new boyfriend. I had a party and someone brought him along – and one look at his dark, wicked eyes as they stared at my strapless dress was enough to get my boobs tingling. I really wanted to pull down the elasticated bodice of my party dress and flash my tits at him, as I could just imagine what his full lips would feel like, nipping at my nipples.

I was already with a boyfriend that night, so I couldn't do anything about Jim then. But, fortunately, he asked me for my 'phone number on the sly and when he kissed me goodnight as the party broke up, I noticed that it only took seconds for a nicely big hard bulge to grow against my leg.

Three nights later, he came round and took me out for a drink – which we both knew was just an appetizer.

As soon as we got back, he didn't even wait to get me upstairs to bed, but pressed me against the wall in the hallway of my flat and worked his way into my panties.

Although I scarcely knew him, I wasn't too shy to investigate that hard, swelling (again!) lump in his trousers and my fingers were soon working to release it from behind his zip and underpants. He had my mouth forced wide open in a kiss, and I heard him gasp as I took his whole smooth length in the palm of my hand and began stroking it softly and manipulating his foreskin up and down.

By now, my cunt was soaking and his fingers were working deep within me. I had an orgasm forming already as I wiggled down on his hand and rubbed my clit against it.

Then he impatiently wrenched my nylon panties down and I felt this completely rigid tool, like a hot metal bar, forcing my love lips open and plunging up my hole to the hilt. My buttocks were banging against the wall as he drove in and out of me, harder and harder. Then, just as I felt those familiar surges of satisfaction welling up in me, he suddenly pulled his cock out and said he was getting sore.

'Have you got any oil or anything?' he asked. I had some baby oil in the bathroom (I use it for sunbathing), so I went and got it. He ordered me down on to my knees, to smooth it on his red, gleaming weapon. I anointed the head of his prick, smoothing it on very, very gently, over the slit and under the ridge.

Well-Oiled Weapon

'I want to fuck you again,' he said violently. Bending down, he forced me back on to the floor, roughly hauled my skirt up and rammed his cock right up me with a thrust that made me cry out in surprised delight. His well-oiled weapon shafted me so easily it seemed to make my whole cunt rampantly sensitive and I could feel every little ridge and nobble on that huge prick that was driving in and out like a piston. First one orgasm and then another took me over, so that I was panting like a dog, a quivering jelly beneath him as he fucked and fucked me.

Then, with one quick movement, he turned me over. Grabbing for the oil, he poured some out over my buttocks and massaged it in and then inserted his slippery fingers into my pussy. Suddenly, that prick was pressing up against me and butting into me again and our oily bodies were moving together like machine parts as he fucked me doggy-fashion, pounding in and out, harder and harder, until his body tensed up and he erupted in spasmodic jerks which filled me with sperm.

Next weekend I've invited him round for a total, all-over boiling oiling session.

Evelyn, St Albans

Grabbing for the oil, he poured some out over me

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READERS WRITES

continued from page 6

minority, but it certainly meets with *my* approval. So I pushed and squeezed, and she did pretty much the same with my cock.

Then she went down on me – but I was under strict instructions not to come. 'Push my head away if you feel you are near to climax,' she said. But I nearly blew it; I pushed her head away with what must have been a fraction of a second to spare, and she nipped the base of my cock just to make sure. After some more cock-teasing foreplay during which she orgasmed again (this time with three of my fingers inside her), it was at last my turn to taste ecstasy.

Without saying anything, she went into the doggy position. This brought a smile to my face, because I'd never done it that way before. I'd suggested it to my last girlfriend, but she refused to have anything to do with it.

I was pleasantly surprised to find how easily I slid into her well-juiced fanny, which was surrounded by little tufts of reddish-blonde hair. I suspect she'd been recently shaved.

I got a good purchase on her tits, and banged into her harder than I've ever fucked a woman before. When I felt my spunk surge up, I kept on pumping until my cock was so flaccid it came out of its own accord. I'd given so much stick, my balls hurt like hell, but I didn't care. Belinda looked pretty satisfied, too.

We did it again the next night, and it meant a lot to me when she said: 'That was good. You're learning.' Every time I give a girl a good going-over from now on, I'll be thinking of Belinda. *Michael, Stratford*

Three Up

Why, why, WHY was the two-page picture of Abigail (Vol 14 No 10, pages 28–29) not the centrespread? She must have been the best girl you have *ever* featured.

That beautiful pink slit, those wonderful thighs, that sexy face and those see-through panties – wonderful! I had to buy three copies of Club as one was spunk-stained and I had to cut one up to make the picture into a centrespread for my wall. Is this a ploy to sell more magazines? Or is it just your bad editing? *GP, Nottingham*

It's neither – but do feel free to carry on buying three copies of Club every month! – Ed.

Fat is Fun

When my wife and I were married about seven years ago, we enjoyed what I would call a 'passable' sex life. But, now, I have never felt so sexually satisfied in my life, and the same goes for Aileen, my wife. We're both now 32, by the way.

What's the secret? Well, we know each others kinks and soft spots inside out, of course, and that helps a lot. But I've no doubt where the answer lies, and that is that we're both fat; not 'on the big side', 'plump', 'well-built' or any of the other so-called polite ways of saying it. I'm 19 stone, Aileen's nearly 14. When we got married, I was just under 12½ stone, she was a really trim nine.

Abigail – she deserves more than this

It wasn't until Aileen started piling on the weight that I realized just how great was my lust for big ladies. At first, I noticed just a bit of extra flesh around her tummy that I could squeeze in my fist. Then her thighs started to go all wobbly, allowing me to indulge in a favourite activity – kneading them like I was making a loaf of bread.

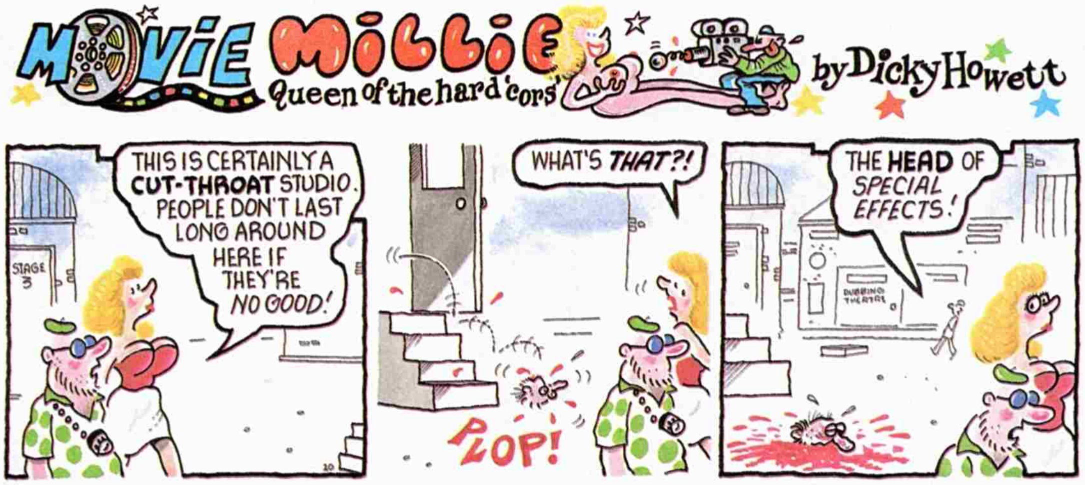
But best of all was the gradual increase in the size of her arse. The mere sight of that bare expanse stuck up in the air is enough to get my cock twitching on the point of orgasm. With me, a doggystyle fuck never lasts more than about a minute – I just can't hold back any longer than that.

Being able to bury my face in between a nice, big pair of tits (which Aileen has always had) is another personal favourite. Now, I can bury my face into just about anywhere on her body; the side of her waist is particularly fulfilling.

Of course, I'm no Slim Jim myself, and that's the way my fat wife wants it. She plays with my big gut practically all the time when we're on the job, as if she were playing with a giant lump of plasticine. I'm not into ceiling mirrors or videos or anything like that, but I bet we must make a pretty spectacular sight as we pound away like a couple of excited buffalo.

How did we come to be so fat? Well, with Aileen, it was partly lack of care on her part, but mainly because she noticed the increased ardour on my part as she became bigger. I just got very lazy after I was married and soon developed a greater liking for Aileen's pasta cooking than for her juicy twat. Now it's the other way around.

I can only agree with the TV advert: 'Nothing like a bit of British pork . . .' *Jim, Gloucester*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'I love London on clear, sunny days like this,' said Denise, who actually emigrated to the Capital from rural East Anglia some four years ago. Her favourite place of all is Covent Garden, so she set off for the studios with enough time in hand to spend some of it there, sketch pad and pencil in hand. The London Transport Museum . . . the market . . . the buskers . . .

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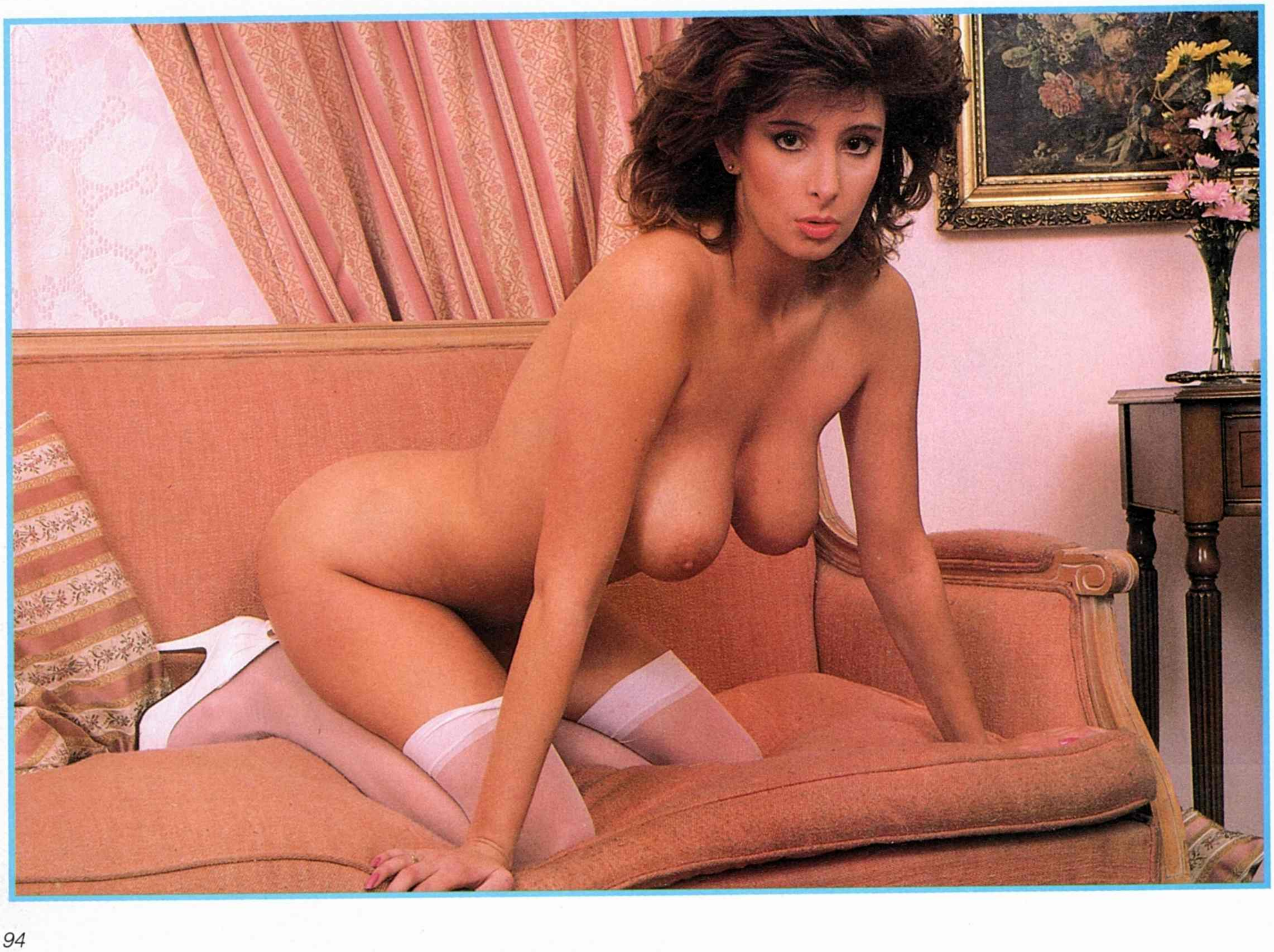

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13– SERVICES

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CONTACT magazine for the Midlands, packed with names and telephone numbers. £3.95 to Midland World P.O. Box 18 Hay-on-Wye, Herefordshire.

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56– PERSONAL

MALE 36 6'1" seeks ladies for fun, sex, and friendship. Good "O" levels. Likes sexy undies, stockings, suspenders and photography. own accommodation. No fees. Send photo, phone number. Discretion assured and expected, A.L.A. London. Herts, Beds., Bucks. Box No. 563249.

COUPLE, early 30's, seek couple for intimate friendship. Scotland, anywhere, first ad. Box No. 563250.

SUFFOLK man, 24, shy, virgin seeks genuine experienced, mature lady for tuition, A.L.A. Box NO. 563251.

LONDON/Kent, male 28, good-looking, tall, fit, seeks women 18-50 for mutual satisfaction. Reply guaranteed with my photo. Box nO. 563256.

MIDLANDS Working lady, 34 seeks friend, lover. Box No. 563253.

MALE 28 Tamworth area wishes to meet sexy ladies quickly. Box No. 563256.

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DUNDEE young man seeks ladies, any age for mutual pleasure, also seeking couples, ladies for photo session. Fees paid A.L.A. Box No. 563260.

ANGUS Fife man, 23 wishes to meet housewives for discreet fun, A.L.A. Box No. 563261.

LONDON Attractive couple 37/25 seeks BI-ladies, couples for sexy fun. Box No. 563262.

MALE 28, above average looks seeks females for sexy fun, Northumberland-Tyne area, own transport, discretion assured. No strings. Box No. 563263.

LONDON 18-year-old male, virgin seeks mature discreet lady 25-45 for tuition, photo appreciated. Box No. 563264.

COUPLE 28 seek busty female for threesomes. Photo, can accommodate, Avon. Box No. 563265.

BUSINESSMAN 48, seeksattractive lady for daytime fun and friendship, outer London west or Herts., Bucks. Box No. 563266.

MY knickers plus nude photo in any posę you want, only £7. S.A.E. Box No. 563241.

COUPLE 30's seek attractive female for threesome. First timers welcome, can accommodte overnight, clean and discreet. Photos appreciated, returned with ours.

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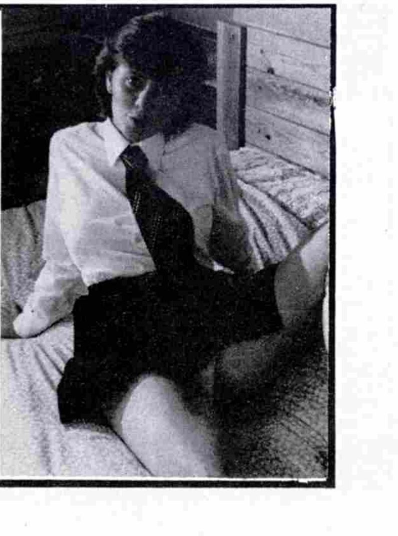

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DUNDEE man 22, offers his virginity as Xmas present to accommodate lady. A.L.A. Box No. 563261.

YOUNG man (30) seeks couple (any age) husband to discipline him and wife to have fun with. Greater London. Box No. 563259.

COUPLE m30 f24, fit and horny, seek couples, females for pleasure. Photo essential. Essex, Suffolk. Box No. 563230.

ANGELA from Chingford. Please, please write again. Box No. 563231.

LONELY male, 40 attractive, seeks huge breasted female, any age. Can accommodate, photo please, Glasgow. Box No. 563234.

COMPANY director, 35 loves watching couples perform, any age, travel anywhere. Box No. 563237.

MALE 36, tall, good looking, seeks females for mutual sexy fun and evenings out. Your place or mine, S.W. London, Surrey. Box No. 563238.

LINCS bi/male, clean discreet seeks friends, locally, age, colour unimportant. Fun only s.a.e. ensures quick replies. Photo, phone appreciated. Box No. 563239.

SEA-wife required on yacht, cruising to Mediterranean. Box No. 563242.

MIDLANDS couple she ac/dc, will perform your act in return, lesbians also welcome, photo, suggestions, no swapping. Box No. 563244.

BROMLEY attractive female, seeks horny w/e male/couple, 30/40, your place. Daytimes. Box No. 563245.

COUPLE 29/27, seek couples, single male in Hampshire, I.O.W., try anything new, Photo appreciated. Box No. 563246.

MIDLANDS working lady, 34 seeks friend, lover. Box No. 563253.

DORSET shy, educated young, virgin chap, requires discreet understanding lady 18-45 for tuition. Box No. 563236.

BAHAMIAN male 26 yrs. University student would like to meet beautiful lay for friendship, possibly marriage. Box No. 563232.

PERTH, Dundee, man 24, new year resolution, more sexy fun, any ladies wanting same. Box No. 563261.

AUSTRALIA attractive male 31, clean, discreet, frequent visitor to Australia, seeks horny females 18-40 for mutual pleasure. No fees, photo please. Box No. 563258.

LEICESTER, shy male 22, own place, seeks lady the same for friendship. Box No. 563255.

COUPLE, clean, discreet, early 40's seek similar to watch and be wtched. Single voyeurs also sought, simnilar purpose. Photo and phone number pelase for early reply. Box no. 563254.

MERSEYSIDE male, 25 seeks randy, sexy female for lasting friendship. Box No. 563130.

SUSSEX man, 27 seeks couples/females. Box No. 563135.

NORTH West male slave, 23, seeks mistress 25-45, anything goes. Box No. 563162.

NORTH west. Intelligent heterosexual couple m/28,f/25, seeks humourous, discreet, clean attractive male for thressome fun, photo. Box No. 563215.

WEST Midlands, male 50's, seeks male/female for mutual confidential sex. xxxx give details. Box No. 563188.

GENEROUS businessman 42, seeks sexy young lady or couple for overnight fun. Hotel or your place. Southampton, Brighton, Bristol areas. Box No. 563206.

SEXY male, 31 seeks femles for mutual enjoyment. no fees. leeds area or anywhere. Photo. Box No. 563207.

SEXY male, 31, seek feamles for sexynude photo's Leeds area, anywhere, nude photo's no fee. Please write. Box No. 563207.

MALE 25 5'10", slim, sky seeks feamle 30 to 50 for friendship and sex. London, South England. Box No. 563208.

COUPLE her 24, him 40, seek bi-female for threesome fun. Lean more lesbian OK, him to watch, sexy undies. Erith. Box No. 563210.

WORTHING couple attractive, both AC/DC M39/f33. Seek young females, males, couples for additional excitement, very discreet. Photo essential, first advertisement. Box No. 563211.

BEDFORDSHIRE inexperienced male, seeks ladies for sexy tuition. Box No. 563212.

MALE 29, seeks mature ladies 35+ for love making. Box No. 563213.

BI-FEMALE required to join Kent couple (both well endowed) in sexy fun, send photo s.a.e. for genuine reply. Box No. 563214.

GLASGOW/W. Scotland – photographer seeks young attractive couples for a variety of assignments. Please reply soon with photo and phone number. Box No. 563216.

PROFESSIONAL businessman, aged 40 recently divorced, own business, homes in two counties, seeks females/couples to enjoy physiucal relationship without ties. Photo appreciated, London/South East. Box No. 563217.

HANDSOME male 23, shy inexperienced seeks tuition from attractive. Buxom, female. Leeds, anywhere. Box No. 563218.

HUSBAND and wife invite females, bored with routine to contact us for different weekends, females to female or threesomes. Photo's please. Box no. 563220.

NEWPORT South Wales, Couple 28/33, seek others in area for sexy fun. Photo appreciated. Box No. 563222.

WEALTHY executive 40, seeks young lady for interesting relationship, all letters answered. Northwest or anywhere. Box No. 563223.

CLEAN male 36, seeks ladies for daytime fun. South of England. Photo please. Box No. 563225.

W/E 44/34/40 8½ × 5¾ bi TV seeks w/e singles/couples. Nr Staffs, anywhere, photo appreciated. Box No. 563226.

COUPLE m30, f24 fit and horny, seek couples, females for pleasure. Photo essential. Essex, Suffolk. Box No. 563230.

ANGELA from Chingford, plese please write again. Box No. 563231.

LONELY male, 40 attractive seeks huge brested female any age, can accommodate. Photo please, Glasgow. Box No. 563234.

DORSET shy educated young virgin chap, requires discreet understanding lady 18-45 for tuition. Box No. 563236.

COMPANY director, 35 loves watching couples perform, any age, travel anywhere. Box No. 563237.

MALE 36, tall, good-looking seeks females for mutual sexy fun and evenings out. Your place or mine S.W. London, Surrey.Box No. 563238.

LINCS. Bi/male, clean discreet, seeks friends locally, age colour unimportant, fun only. S.A.E. ensures quick replies, photo please. Phone appreciated. Box No. 563239.

SEA-WIFE required on yacht cruising to Mediterranean. Box No. 563242.

MIDLAND couple, she AC/DC, will perform. Your act in return, lesbians also welcome, photo suggestions, no swapping. Box No. 563244.

BROMLEY attractive female seeks horny W/E male/couple 30/40, your place, daytimes. Box No. 563245.

COUPLE 29/27 seek couples, single male in Hampshire I.O.W., try anything new. Photo appreciated. Box No. 563246.

PETERBOROUGH attrctive couple 30's seek intelligent bubbly pretty female to initiatie wife into threesomes. Photo essential. Box No. 563247A.

GENTLEMEN seeks lady with unusually large brests for genuine friendship. Box No. 563247.

COUPLE, early 30's, seek couple for intimate friendship. Scotland, anywhere, first ad. Box No. 563250.

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London W.1

COUPLE 28-26 seek other sexy couples for fun and friendship. Northeast. Photos essential for reply. Box No. 563054.

MALE slave 23 seeks mistress 25 to 45 anything goes. North West. Box No. 563055.

Voyeur male 26 loves watching sexy couples at play. London. Box No. 563056.

TWO Cheshire businesmen early 40,s require two attractive ladies 20-30 to accompany them on sexy continental holiday, late November – supply photos. Box No. 563057.

BEAUTIFUL young business lady married seeks handsome single discreet male lovers. Inverness area. Box No. 563030.

GLASGOW male 26 seeks sexy girls, liberated housewives. Box No. 563063.

HOUSEWIFE 25 seeks handsome men for mutual pleasure. Photo essential. North East. Box No. 563065.

TAYSIDE, sales rep male 23, seeks ladies and housewives for fun. Car owner, photo please. Box No. 563066.

MALE 35 sincere, seeks attractive well endowed lady 40-55 with no ties for sexual enjoyment, North Somerset area. Clean, discreet. Phone number. Box No. 563046.

MALE 26 seeks females 18-50 for sexy fun, East Anglia. Box No. 563047.

BI female needs more bi action. Photo please. Box No. 563051.

PROFESSIONAL considerate male, 35, trim and fit, loves "O", seeks ladies any age for sexy fun. A.L.A. discretion assured. London/Surrey area. Box No. 563053.

BLACKPOOL professional male 23, seeks sexy ladies for mutual satisfaction, photo appreciated. Box No. 563088.

ATTRACTIVE couple m22/f/23 seek couples for clean discreet fun, photo essential, first ad. Strathclyde area. Box No. 563084.

COUPLE, m37, vecc., f34, plump, wish to meet couples/singles not AC/DC photo/phone no., G.L.C. area. Box No. 563052.

OUTGOING female 25-35 Norfolk area to play strip poker for fun, no involvement necessary. Genuine replies only. Photos/phone please. Box No. 563044.

ATTRACTIVE female and male, London. She Scandinavian, 19, shapely 5'9", he dark, 26, seek genuine attractive female, phone number, please. Box No. 563042.

BRIGHTON, attractive young couple seek well spoken, clean, young attractive blonde lady for mutual pleasure. Undraped photos essential. Box No. 563026.

LONELY man wishes to meet lonely woman for fun, own flat, early forties, Sussex area. Box No. 563143.

COUPLE m28/f35 seeks bi female couples for sexy fun, photo please, very discreet. Box No. 563144.

MALE 42, professinal seeks arts loving couple to share the higher things of life. North London. Box No. 563145.

YOUNG attactive male 26 seeks attrctive busty, slim female 35-45 for sexy fun. Photo please. Box No. 563146.

SHY male, 19 seeks lady for tuition. Nottingham, age unimportant A.L.A. Box No. 563147.

MALE 24, seeks bi-female for relationship and sexy games, loves 'O', age and looks unimportant. Devon. Box No. 563148.

N. IRELAND, young uninformed ladies 18+ wanted for fun with male 23. Box No. 563149.

BERKS area, male 18, virgin, slim, athletic, seeks discreet genuine lady, 25-45, to teach the ropes, very willing to learn, genuine first ad. Box No. 563150.

TWO young serving soldiers seek female pen pals, all letters replied to Box No. 563151.

MALE 24 seeks frustrated housewifes for sexy fun also couples for threesomes, anything goes, very discreet, can travel, enclose photo for immediate reply. Box No. 563152.

GENTLEMAN 54, seeks attractive lady for daytime sexy fun and friendship. London/Essex. Box No. 563756.

COUPLE 30s seek young busty female to play. Photo. Essex/London. Box No. 563155.

YOUNG sexy girls wanted for company and fun wanted by nice charactered, good looking, wealthy young guy. Nice big house, super cars, trendy lifestyle, and ready to share it. Box No. 563126.

YOUNG couple seek female for sexy fun. Photo appreciated. Midlands. Box No. 563127.

YOUNG black male seeks ladies for weekends and evening fun. Your place. Photos appreciated. box No. 563085.

BUSINESSMAN 45, regular visitor to London area seeks mature well endowed lady to join him for lunch and afternoon sexy fun. Box No. 563086.

NORTHANTS male, 45 seeks slim female 35/45 for partner and to entertain couples-singles, anything goes, can accommodate or travel, no-fees. Photo appreciated. Box 563010.

MATURE (young minded) naive virgin male, wants helpful female penfriends, postage refunds. Box No. 563028.

ATTRACTIVE couple seek same for photo swap and correspondence. A.L.A. Box No. 562976.

MALE 20 seeks females under 40 for sexy fun, anything goes, Wilts, Kent, anywhere. Your place, photo please. Box No. 562998.

MATURE lady wishes to meet professional gentleman, Central London. Box No. 562883.

MIDLANDS cultured male 45, will massage, converse, do anything, your place, write requirements. Confidential. Box No. 562949.

HANDSOME male 35, would like to have fun with beautiful girls, enclose photo (Norfolk). Box No. 562988.

GOOD looking nice young man 32. Tall, slim, tanned, athletic body, clean, well groomed, and ambitious wishes to meet clean, well groomed affluent lady/couple for mutual benefit. I reside West Midlands but willing to travel. If, like me your are sincere, please reply to Box No. 563061.

RANDY attractive male, 26 seeks offers from ladies. S.E. Cornwall, Plymouth, discretion assured, reply withphoto to Box No. 563062.

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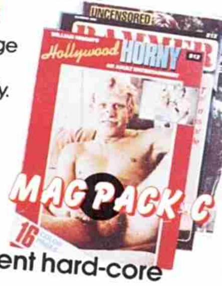

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